urope Votes—on America

June 26, 1951 25c

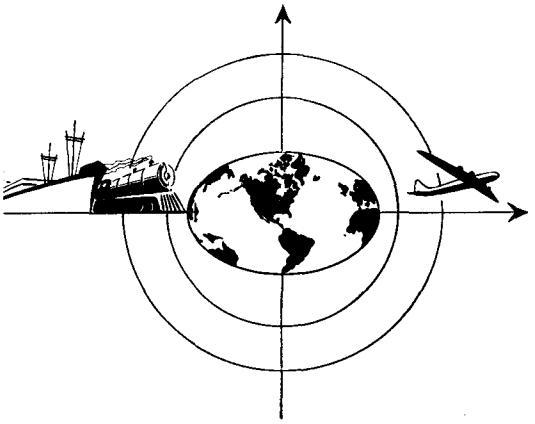
The Reporter

General de Gaulle

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Open strategy, openly arrived at: the Senate committee hearings in Washington

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE REPORTER'S NOTES

CUT-RATE ALLIES

It is a strange coincidence that Franco's Spain and Chinese Formosa seem to be able to provide just about the same elastic number of soldiers: between half a million and a million. This at least is the estimate that Senator Pat McCarran made recently in an article on Franco's Spain, published in the *Saturday Evening Post*. In both cases, of course, we are offered the raw material, not the finished product: The soldiers have to be trained or retrained, equipped, and fed. But, Franco's and Chiang's middlemen say, we could never find a better buy.

These middlemen have been a nuisance for quite a while, but now they are turning into a plague. In times of emergency a government may have to change the course of its policy, as ours did about Formosa. After the Chinese aggression in Korea, it didn't have much freedom of action and, irrespective of Formosa's strategic value, it had to get closer to the anti-Red rulers of that island. But our Chiang advocates want to turn an expedient, temporary association, which in itself is of doubtful use, into permanent, unlimited support of all Chiang's ambitions.

For all their boasted realism, these people do not understand that international politics is a hard, crude business that requires a flexible mind, quick action, and quick forgetfulness.

Chiang and Franco hold some political and military power, and we may have to deal with them according to what they are worth. But to some of our Senators the two Generalissimos are paragons of virtue and saviours of mankind whom we should not only deal with but adopt.

Here is where the whole thing becomes unbearable—and dangerous. It is dangerous because it limits the freedom of action of our government, which is reduced to only two roles: tyrannicide or total endorsement of tyrants.

ONE OF THE THINGS we resent most about the whole business is that people like ourselves, the writers of this magazine, have to waste too much time, pay too much attention to these dictators and their Senatorial zealots. There are so many things to write about, and we get tired of picking on Chiang, and Franco, and McCarran. Yet we cannot help it, for the provocation is as great as it is monotonous.

Take, for instance, what happened a week or so ago, when Pat McCarran summoned representatives of the State Department, the ECA, and the Export-Import Bank to face the Spanish Ambassador and be asked: What are you doing with Spain, why don't you give her more money?

PERSONALLY, we hope we shall never have to choose whom we dislike least—the two 'Gissimos or their various American advocates. We are afraid we would choose the two 'Gissimos.

CEASE FIRE

There are people, in this country and Britain, who think a situation of peace can be established with Red China. If they mean a cease fire, their wish may some day be realizable—the sooner the better—thanks to Ridgway's armies. But it would be only a cease fire: an end of the bleeding.

If the bleeding stops, the armed forces on both sides could gradually diminish. A cease fire could, with luck, develop into something like an armistice—and that is the aim of the most optimistic hopes. But peace is something else. Or let us say that our conflict with Red China may some day end in a relationship as cordial and trustful as the one we have with Soviet Russia.

Many people were shocked by the speech Dean Rusk made some time ago. Mao, we bet, wasn't one of them.

WINNER TAKE ALL

It took some five months of parliamentary wrangling to produce the new French electoral law, designed to hold down the number of extremist Deputies in the National Assembly and give the moderate Third Force parties a chance to set up a stable Government. The law has baffled many people—in and out of France. To help our readers understand some of the articles in this issue, we offer a summary:

Under the system, candidates of several parties in any election district may form a coalition (*apparentement*) as if they were running on a common ticket. The aggregate votes polled by all members of the coalition are counted as a single total. For instance, if the Socialists, Popular Republicans, and Radical Socialists were allied and each received 5,000 votes, any other single party or *apparentement* would need more than 15,000 to win. Obviously, this works against parties that do not permit alliance or compromise.

If a coalition or a single party receives more than half the votes, it gets all the parliamentary seats assigned to the district. When an *apparentement* wins, the members divide up the seats on the basis of their proportional votes.

If no party or coalition gets half the votes, the seats are distributed among the parties and coalitions by proportional representation.

Apparentement, however, like marriage, is an act of free will. In quite a few election districts, Third Force parties are running alone.

Much the same system is used in Italy, except that *apparentement* is spelled *apparentamento.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

IN DEFENSE OF SUGAR

To the Editor: The May 1 issue of *The Reporter* asks the question "Do We Eat Too Much Sugar?" From the title of the article one would expect a balanced discussion of pros and cons of the present level of sugar consumption. The article turns out to be nothing more than an indictment of sugar, with no fair facts presented for the defense. The author, James Rorty, has aligned himself against sugar on many previous occasions, notably in the book *Tomorrow's Food*.

The American level of sugar consumption is not as high as production figures would indicate. Not all the per capita sugar disappearance is used in the form of food. Calculating the per capita sugar disappearance for 1949 at 100 pounds, there will be at least eight per cent waste of sugar that is not consumed—in coffee, beverages, cakes that stale and are thrown away, etc. Another five or six per cent is used in baked products where sugar serves as a food for the yeast and does not appear as sugar in the finished baked goods. Another two or three per cent is used in non-food forms—pharmaceuticals, chemicals, and other industrial uses. The 100-pounds per-person-per-year consumption figure scales down to almost 85. Some highly reliable surveys have shown that by far the largest number of people get no more than ten per cent of their calories in the form of native or added sugar. This counters the common argument that the high quantity of sugar in the diet must displace the "protective" foods. The National Research Council indicates that the average moderately active 154-pound man requires 3,000 calories a day. All the necessary nutrients recommended by the council can be received in abundance at a 1,500-calorie level. Thus we can eat the seven basic foods liberally every day and still consume a great amount of sugar without displacement.

Analyses of good diets show that sugar is seldom consumed alone. It is a "combining ingredient" to improve the taste and flavor of many other product foods—dishes made with eggs, milk, cereals—and it cannot be studied apart from the diet as a whole.

Of course there is no question that acids such as lactic can be produced from sugars by fermentation. Moreover, under certain conditions, acids may damage teeth. But it is by no means clear whether this process is actually the major factor in tooth decay. Recently the involvement of tooth proteins and of protein-attacking bacteria in the decay process have come to be suspected. Still more important is the evidence that normal saliva should protect against acids and properly formed teeth should resist them.

So many valuable foods are capable of acid fermentation in the mouth that caries-control programs aimed at eliminating or reducing all of these significantly are foredoomed to failure as mass methods. While high-fat diets do reduce decay in animals, such diets are neither practical nor desirable for humans generally.

The old distinctions between "natural" sugars and refined ones have been shown to be groundless in so far as their local action in the mouth is concerned.

Tooth decay is as old as the history of man; very ancient remains show extensive caries in times far antedating the introduction of refined sugar. Neither is it by any means certain that our grandfathers a hundred years ago actually consumed any less fermentable carbohydrate than we do. Sorghum, cane syrups, and maple products were used in large and undeterminable quantities. These all ferment rapidly to lactic acid.

Contrary to popular belief, Americans consume a much smaller proportion of carbohydrates than many other major nations of the world, and this proportion of carbohydrates in the diet has been declining gradually over a period of twenty years. Nutritionists generally find that in a good, well-balanced diet at least fifty per cent of the calories will be supplied by relatively inexpensive and palatable starches and sugars. Aside from the economics, there are two physiological reasons for this: Carbohydrates are necessary for the proper utilization of fat by the body; also they are needed to spare expensive proteins so that they can be used for the exclusive end of body building and tissue repair. Sugar is very efficient in both these functions. To use proteins and fats for energy is just about equivalent to burning mahogany logs for heat when other, cheaper, fuels are available.

This does not mean that, since we will retain carbohydrates, including sugar, in our diet, we must reconcile ourselves to decaying teeth. Among the most encouraging signs in the progress of dental medicine is the growing evidence that immunity to decay can be built into the teeth by supplying proper nutrients to the mother prenatally and to the child before dentition.

Other possible methods of control, such as breaking the fermentation chain, impregnating the teeth to confer artificial immunity, better methods of oral hygiene, fluoridation of community water supplies, penicillin dentifrices, etc., also hold promise that we can mass-control tooth decay without drastic alteration of our diets. Even if people felt that the only way to check tooth decay was to eliminate starches and sugars from the diet, they simply would not do it.

As to Rorty's assertion that exclusive sugar consumption fosters obesity and indirectly contributes to the "alarming increase of degenerative diseases," he is wrong on two counts. It is pretty generally recognized today that many cases of overweight have their roots in emotional situations; every physiologist knows that no food is uniquely fattening. Fat is deposited only when the total intake of calories, regardless of source, is not absorbed. We have to take into account that today we have better methods of detecting diabetes and heart trouble, and that with the extension of man's last stand, more people live to the age when these conditions most frequently show up.

My only comment about Rorty's political and economic assertions about the sugar industry is that these are no more accurate and unbiased than his nutritional and scientific statements.

H. L. Bogart
Sugar Research Foundation, Inc.
New York City

. . . AND MacARTHUR

To the Editor: I have just read your articles on General MacArthur. You are certainly advertising yourself as Red sympathizers. It is good to know, so we will never again purchase your awful paper.

Some Americans you are! General Marshall, by his poor judgment in China is to blame for our present war in Korea. You poor chumps, you have to try and dishonor a great man. It's no surprise, as all Little Minded People do this so you have shown yourself as a small group of men. You cannot do General MacArthur any harm he is too Great a person for that.

Thank God we have him.

I am sure the "Red Chinese" faction in Washington will reward you if they have not already done so. You all should be investigated as to your positions in this matter. You are so "Red" sounding.

This is being said by everyone reading your paper. You are losing readers fast.

I assure you I or none of my friends will ever buy it again. Of course you uphold the present conditions. You are not losing your Blood in Korea. It's so hopeless there the Boys call it Operation "Yoyo." Stop your smear campaign. You are disgusting using such Low Means. Try the gutter, it's more your type.

Mrs. Rudd
Rochester, New York

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor and Publisher*
Assistant Editor, Philip Horton • *Managing Editor,* Robert S. Gerdy
Copy Editors: Al Newman, William Knapp
Art Editor, Reg Massie
Staff Writers: Robert K. Bingham, Douglass Cater, Richard Donovan, Claire Neikind, Gouverneur Paulding
General Manager, Raymond Frankel • *Production Manager,* Anthony J. Ballo
Advertising Manager, Richard F. Lyon
Circulation Manager, Albert C. Simonson

VOLUME 4, NO. 13 **JUNE 26, 1951**

Europe Votes—on America

THE LONG ELECTION NIGHT—AN EDITORIAL *Max Ascoli* 4
FRANCE: COUNTRY DOCTOR VS. SURGEON *Henri Marche* 5
DE GAULLE ON "DESTINY" . . . *Jean-Pierre Moulin* 8
THE REDS MARCH . . . . . *Michel Clerc* 9
CONTADINI AND LUIGINI . . . . . *Carlo Levi* 11
ITALY: THE CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATS *Leo J. Wollemborg* 14

At Home & Abroad

THE MYTH OF THE CHINESE LANDLORD *Isaac Deutscher* 17
Mao has been wrestling with a ghost

SANDALS FOR A SON . . . . . *Suresh Vaidya* 21
An Indian peasant and a telegraph wire

COAL FIGHTS TO COME BACK . . . . *Hartley Howe* 25
Its present is shaky, its future bright

THE MARINES: FORCE IN READINESS . *John B. Spore* 28
Semper paratus *for either home criticism or foreign danger*

CONGRESS AND THE CHILDREN . . . . *Maya Pines* 32
UNICEF's *own fever chart*

Views & Reviews

THE WORLD OF ON-5 . . . . . *Sean Every* 34
Ten days in a Bellevue psychiatric ward

MORALS FROM MARS . . . . . *Richard Donovan* 38
Ray Bradbury, chromium-age Thoreau

THE REPORTER: Published every other Tuesday by Fortnightly Publishing Company, 220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

All rights reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention.

Entered as second class matter at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright 1951 by Fortnightly Publishing Company.

Subscription price, United States, Canada, U.S. Possessions, and Pan American Postal Union: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6; Two years $10; Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new address.

in this issue . . .

The Reporter has prepared this issue at a time when the peoples of France and Italy are about to decide—through the process of democratic elections—the attitude their nations will take in matters of gravest importance. We have called on several Europeans to speak for themselves. Instead of facile predictions of election results, they have provided a factual and analytical background—in the case of Carlo Levi, an imaginative approach—to contemporary French and Italian politics. The editorial expresses the views of this magazine. **Henri Marche** is the pseudonym of a French writer whose articles have appeared in these pages. . . . **Jean-Pierre Moulin** and **Michel Clerc** both write for the Swiss newspaper *Gazette de Lausanne*. . . . **Carlo Levi,** author, physician, painter, politician, and a leader of the Italian resistance, is best known in America for his book *Christ Stopped at Eboli*. . . . **Leo J. Wollemborg,** an Italian-born U.S. citizen, contributes frequently to European and American periodicals. . . . **Isaac Deutscher** wrote *Stalin: A Political Biography*. . . . **Suresh Vaidya,** an Indian journalist, recently visited the United States. . . . **Hartley Howe** is a free-lance writer on scientific subjects. . . . **John B. Spore** is associate editor of the *Combat Forces Journal*. . . . **Maya Pines** covers the United Nations for the Women's National News Service. . . . **Sean Every** is the pseudonym of a free-lance writer. . . . Cover by **Arno;** photographs from **Harris & Ewing** and **Magnum.**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAX ASCOLI

The Long Election Night

THIS IS THE voting season in France and Italy, and the first rounds of Italian municipal elections have already taken place. The returns are, to say the least, disturbing. We thought that, mostly as a result of the Marshall Plan, the Communists and their allies had lost ground in continental Europe. Now we learn that in the key industrial areas of northern Italy over thirty-five per cent of the electorate have voted the Communist or fellow-traveler tickets—a gain of about four per cent since the general election of 1948. In these three years, the neo-Fascists too have made surprising headway.

Rather rudely, we are reminded that the curvature of the earth, the differences in standards of living, the comparative distances from Russia breed various and sometimes opposite political attitudes among the people of the Atlantic alliance. The ocean can be flown in a few hours and the free governments on both sides are trying to synchronize their effort for the common defense. But things happen in Europe that have little or no equivalent over here. In Europe, large masses of workers, even if organized in anti-Communist trade unions, call themselves Marxists. The hand that marks the ballot is often prompted only by the hope of getting a more decent reward from the work it does on its job—when there is a job.

Of course, in our country too, the farmers, the trade-unionists, every group of voters consider their pocketbooks. Yet traditionally they do not seek for radical remedies as do people whose lives hover around the subsistence level. Walking through a continental train, the traveler is struck by the difference, even in physical appearance, between the people crowded onto the wooden benches of the third class and those lounging on the red-plush seats of the first. It is as if two nations, to use Disraeli's phrase, were living in one.

IN FRANCE, there is that extraordinary man, General de Gaulle, a specialist in rendezvous with destiny. Last time, at the beginning, he moved practically alone against internal defeatists and external enemies. This time he wants to save the nation that, in his opinion, is unled, or misled by unrepresentative and parasitical political parties. But an attempt to cure the ills of French democracy could kill French democracy; it has happened before. Indeed, the French and Italian elections are so free that the citizens have various opportunities—at least two—to vote away their freedom.

The people of western Europe to whom our government has given so much assistance are free to proclaim that they don't like us or our assistance. We cannot threaten or bribe them, for these people are enjoying in its extreme form the freedom that our country wants to see expanded and strengthened abroad. If they turn us down, we lose allies—just when we need them most.

Actually, Europe is our political frontier. It is the outpost—facing the enemy, threatened from inside and outside—of the order we champion. If we lose the political battle there, our own freedoms are likely to be menaced from outside and inside.

Europe is the left wing of our system, the substitute for that Left we haven't got in our country.

WE CAN ONLY WAIT for the returns of these European elections with an apprehension that comes from something deeper than a sporting interest. It is like election night here at home, when the first returns start trickling in but no one is yet sure about the trend. But this election night will last weeks and even months.

The greatest danger is perhaps not one of left- and right-wing landslides in Europe but of stalemates—the danger of a near equilibrium between irreconcilable forces that does not allow the formation of effective democratic governments, the danger of equal pressure from both extremes that strangles the forces in the middle. These stalemates of one sort or the other are a form of creeping paralysis that threatens nearly the entire non-Communist world—including the United States.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

JUNE 26, 1951

France: Country Doctor vs. Surgeon

A Frenchman advises us to take his country's elections, with all their sound and fury, seriously but not tragically

HENRI MARCHE

THESE days American newspaper correspondents in France have kept asking the same question: "Do you think the Communists will lose the June 17 elections?"

It is not as simple as that. The elections are not a game, with a winner and a loser. The Communists may lose votes; they may lose parliamentary seats; they will probably lose both. But the connection between such losses is not easy to define.

The Communists may lose votes, though probably not many. Those who voted Communist in the last elections because they wanted "something different" and who today are fed up with Stalinist discipline are hardly likely to switch to the Third Force parties—the Radicals, the Socialists, or the Popular Republicans. They might turn to the other extreme and vote Gaullist. Probably they will not vote at all. Since a number of Third Force supporters will probably not vote either, it is very difficult to tell which side will suffer most from abstentions.

But in the Assembly, it is certain that the Communist Party will lose seats. The electoral system was recently revamped with precisely this object in view. The changes, however, did not go far enough. To embarrass the Communist Party thoroughly it would have been necessary to return to the old system in which the voters, as in the American Congressional elections, vote for only one candidate. Instead, the citizens voting in larger constituencies are going to be confronted with competing slates of candidates, most of whom they have never heard of. Under this system the Communist Party, which is still the best organized, retains a great technical advantage. Except for Communists (and not even for all of them), most citizens won't feel easy when they cast their ballots.

Black Star

If the number of Communist Deputies is considerably reduced, it does not follow that French political life will be made easier. It is said that General de Gaulle would not mind seeing at least 140 Communist Deputies in the next Assembly. Naturally, the Third Force parties could do with far fewer. If Communist representation should be greatly diminished, a certain number of other combinations of parties could form working majorities. The probability would then arise that France would be governed by one uneasy coalition after another.

Therefore, any important decrease in the number of Communist Deputies in the next Assembly: (a) would not necessarily mean a proportional decrease in Communist influence; (b) would not greatly lessen the nuisance value of the Communists in parliament (since any single Communist can make as much noise as any four non-Communists); and (c) would not make it

Note: See the note "Winner Take All" on page 1 for a description of the new French electoral system.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Magnum Photos

easier for any particular coalition to run the government.

The Communists fear a defeat that would affect their prestige with the masses, or lessen their importance to the Soviets, and bring out into the open inner dissensions which until now they have zealously concealed. The party is fighting a hard campaign but is carefully avoiding violence. It has learned a lesson from the 1947-1948 strikes, when its strong-arm methods frightened the masses and contributed to the victory of an energetic Government. To the masses, only success justifies violence.

Alarmed by the wolf, the sheep huddled together; now the wolf is making pleasant little sheeplike sounds to persuade them to frisk about in the open again. Party members have been ordered not to carry arms or use physical violence—except toward former Communists turned Titoist.

For two years, the Communist Party has been undergoing a quiet reorganization—weeding out unreliable members, training leaders, and infiltrating the masses—the period of retreat and withdrawal called for by Leninist tactics. It hoped—and it was not entirely wrong—that if it kept away from the spotlight its intended victims would be lulled, the Third Force would revert to its time-honored habit of disunity, and the Government by its manifest impotence would definitely lose popular support.

Circumstances will dictate the new Communist tactics. If war spreads, Moscow would certainly order direct revolutionary action, and this order would be obeyed by a few thousand fanatics, or at most by a few ten thousands. If a world war doesn't come, the party will try trickery rather than force, winning over public opinion rather than rebelling, infiltration rather than frontal attack.

The Radicals Return

As soon as the Communists stopped beating their drums, the Third Force parties went back to their old intra-family bickering. "You can't avoid living together," Henri Queuille told them once, but cohabitation does not always lead to harmony. Yet for one party, the Radical Socialists, these conditions were as congenial as the good old days before the war.

Right after the present parliament was elected five years ago, the Radicals were in opposition. When Paul Ramadier threw the Communists out, they entered the Government. Since then the Radicals have quietly continued to improve their position—with these extraordinary results: This party, with only 43 Deputies out of 621, numerically fourth in the Assembly (the third, the Socialist Party, has more than twice as many Deputies), holds all the key positions except the Presidency of the Republic and the Ministries of War and Foreign Affairs. The President of the National Assembly, the President of the Council of the Republic, the Premier, the Ministers of the Interior, of Justice, and of the Budget are all Radicals.

In the present pre-election period the Radicals are masters of the situation. This is their reward for a policy that has carefully avoided being a policy, that is founded on a pessimistic conception of men, on a deliberate abstention from general ideas, on assiduous political drudgery, and on a holy horror of greatness.

The Radical Party responds to one of the deep and obscure instincts of the French people, who distrust authority and the state, and see a conspiracy in every form of power. When the French citizen by his vote endows a politician with power, he is haunted by the fear that the man may actually use it. In the days of the constitutional monarchy, Frenchmen used to say: "The king reigns, but does not govern." This formula has been inherited by the Radical Party. People say: "It's a party made to stay in power." This means: "It knows how to have power and not use it—or at least not look as if it were." It is like the old peasant woman who gave five francs to her son so that he could go to the village fair, but told him: "Be sure you don't spend them."

This is why Henri Queuille alone had the confidence of the Assembly during the recent Cabinet crisis: Premier Queuille doesn't worry people. Everyone knew that he would never have any grand policy; what was asked of him was to do nothing. In France those who really want to do something are feared; they are voted into power only by mistake, or when things take a tragic turn.

M. Queuille, M.D.

This system is perfectly represented by Dr. Queuille, who likes to be thought of as the country doctor he is—a general practitioner for little people. He deals with matters of state as he did with his patients: a lot of rest, no excitement, no worry, trust nature, wait patiently until that balance which is health comes back of itself. Above all, no operations; they could only disrupt the normal course of events.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Black Star, Magnum Photos

This therapy succeeds admirably with the peasant temperament, and France, as a nation, has a peasant temperament. Under such treatment France has made an astonishing recovery from the war. Obviously she has had to do a bit more than just "relax"; at times she has had to resist Communist pressure; her economy has needed the oxygen of Marshall aid. But, on the whole, the nation has recovered a degree of prosperity by the play of natural forces—individual initiative, local enterprise, and skill in fixing one thing at a time. The machinery is not yet going full blast; it still rattles; but it is going, with astonishing dynamism and resilience. Life is more agreeable in France than anywhere else; the people are working as hard as anywhere else; they enjoy more freedom than people under any other régime in the world. There seems to be no reason why all this should not last.

That is to say, there is no reason within France itself. The French régime is not—as the Communists proclaim—rotten or about to rot. It is pleasant and unharassed, peacefully following its nice little way, and no one can imagine why it should stop. If France were alone in the world. . . .

M. de Gaulle, Surgeon

But a certain number of Frenchmen —and among them de Gaulle—think that France is not alone in the world, and that to ignore destiny does not guarantee that destiny will ignore you. The world is so made that one can never stay quiet. There are moments when one must act—act or die.

If at the bedside Dr. Queuille says, "The patient must have rest," a surgeon is there too, who says, "We must operate, and right away." Like many Frenchmen, but more lucidly than most, de Gaulle is haunted by the conviction that France one day will find herself in the very heart of one of the greatest dramas of history, and that in such circumstances a "little" France could not survive. For twenty years, in his writing and his speeches, Charles de Gaulle has been using the word "greatness." As early as 1932 he wrote: "Nothing great is ever accomplished without great men, and men become great by wanting to."

De Gaulle seeks to revive a whole other side of French instinct and tradition, that of Charlemagne, Joan of Arc, Louis XIV. He carefully avoids evoking the memory of General Bonaparte—one can see why. He seeks to gather round him those French people who believe that their country is seriously threatened, and who at the same time believe they can do something to protect themselves. The Third Force does not lack men with clear minds, but even those most seriously concerned with the Soviet threat are sometimes paralyzed by the thought that nothing much can be done. They are like Sancho Panza kneeling and praying while Don Quixote goes off to charge the windmills.

But will those who believe that it is not only necessary but possible and useful to act rally round de Gaulle? Before doing so they would have to be convinced that de Gaulle can really sound the bugle call that will galvanize the nation, and that since 1946 he has learned the craft of politics.

So far de Gaulle has been a bad politician. He does not reassure people, and the French people like to be reassured. In France the word "welfare" is translated as "security"; even the national police force is called *La Sûreté*. De Gaulle stands for adventure. And there are many who would be Gaullists but are held back by the idea that once de Gaulle was in power one could never be sure that he might not die and leave a legacy of greater disorder than if he had never been in power at all—thus opening wide the door to Thorez and Duclos.

The next Assembly may be even more difficult to manage than its predecessor. Some agile minds are already wondering how to dissolve an Assembly that has not yet even been elected.

IF ONE DRAWS up a balance sheet, one sees that the last legislature has to its credit a certain degree of prosperity. It maintained and in many cases improved the standard of living. The currency is stable. Gains in social progress, in social-security legislation, in nationalization of industry have been consolidated. The great Renault automobile works have prospered; the coal, electricity, and gas industries, now nationalized, are operating satisfactorily.

But there is a debit side. It took five months to vote the budget and then it was artificially balanced; the rearmament effort has not yet really started; the railways are heavily in the red. None of the major problems has been solved or even faced. The case of Jules Moch gives an indication as to why this is true. At the Socialist convention this spring, he remarked that in this age of penicillin the average life expectancy had increased by more than twenty years and that consequently the age limit for retirement might justifiably be raised. That evening Jules Moch,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the great Socialist leader, was not re-elected to his party's executive board.

But the legislative balance sheet must be matched with the stability—or, if you prefer, the inertia—of the voters. No shift in opinion has ever really succeeded in changing more than five per cent of the total vote. The electoral chessboard is a constant on which political organizations move their pawns and sometimes succeed in bringing about a shift in parliamentary majorities. Usually, moreover, when a newly elected Assembly seems inclined to extremes, a couple of months later, or at most a couple of years later, the Center once more is back. To paraphrase Lao-tse: "It is on the slopes of the hills that rain falls, but soon it reaches the bottoms of the valleys."

Even if de Gaulle wins a marked victory, he will not govern alone. He will have to work with others. The Radicals have been weaving a web around him in their election campaign. The ingenious new electoral system was designed even more against the Gaullist Party than against the Communists. A study of Third Force agreements shows that most of them have been made against Gaullist candidates.

There also seems to be a sort of spontaneous generation of lists of peasant candidates and of independents. ("Independents? The thing to find out is whom they are dependent on," de Gaulle once said.) These lists are all rightist; they have no practical chance of success, but they will take votes away from the Gaullists—votes that would not have gone to the Third Force.

The Prospects

Everything considered, like it or not, the stability and continuity of this nation are amazing. Back of the play of political parties that is a sort of French national sport, there are unchanging realities. This is shown in a most surprising manner by the successive reappearance upon the scene of the old figures of prewar politics. It is as if one were dreaming, but there are people who think that in case of severe internal crisis, the man of destiny may still be Edouard Herriot, who is eighty years old. The leaders in the next Assembly, the men whom the experts confidentially pick as the winning horses in the race, are Daladier (Munich is forgotten), and Reynaud (1940 is forgotten). It's a pity that Pétain is ninety-five years old, and that he is so tired and in prison. As for Laval, if he hasn't come back, they say it is only because he was shot. #

De Gaulle on 'Destiny'

JEAN-PIERRE MOULIN

On May Day, thirty thousand Parisians heard General Charles de Gaulle speak at Bagatelle, a park designed for the Kings of France.

When he finished his speech, de Gaulle sang *La Marseillaise,* and those who had listened to him speak sang it too. But de Gaulle's *Marseillaise* roared through the loudspeakers without ever merging with the voice of the crowd. On this occasion, as always, de Gaulle remained apart and alone.

In 1947, fifty-two per cent of the Paris electorate voted for de Gaulle's party. On June 17 not Paris alone, but all France, will vote. What support will he get from the French people—and what will those who vote for him be supporting?

In his May Day speech there were three outstanding passages: "In 1940," he said, "the nation suddenly realized the immense disproportion between the weakness of the régime and the terrible events that overwhelmed it." It was on June 18, 1940, from London, that de Gaulle called on the French to resist the German occupation. De Gaulle has never forgotten that time of catastrophe. Dominating his subsequent action, that memory led him to form a political party in 1947, and today, when he is seeking a mandate to "save" his country, those days are still in his mind.

'Honor' and Arrogance

Later in his speech he said: "The conduct and strategy of any future war must be prepared by organizations in which France has a rightful place—and not that of a tolerated guest sitting on the edge of a chair." That remark expresses the fundamental Gaullist attitude toward foreign policy. De Gaulle's incessant preoccupation with French honor and independence is characteristic of the man who alone kept on hoping when forty million Frenchmen despaired. It is a deeply emotional attitude of pride and sometimes of arrogance. It leads de Gaulle into taking extreme positions and holding to them even when they parallel the Communist propaganda line against "foreign" (American) interference in French affairs.

In the May Day speech there was also the customary attack on the régime—"lost in the absurd jungle of its Constitution." Gaullism has utter contempt for "politics" and politicians—with the exception of a few of his former Cabinet officers. Ever since he formed the Rassemblement du Peuple Français R.P.F., he has repeated incessantly that nothing can be done until France has a new régime. Gaullism dreams of the past; it looks back at the resistance movement and the war of liberation that was the first *"Rassemblement"* of the French around de Gaulle; it evokes France's grandeur and links it to all sorts of nationalistic memories. But Gaullism projects that past into the future: It looks forward to a new grouping of all the French around de Gaulle and the creation of a strong state after France has triumphed over its inner divisions, swept out the politicians, and adopted a new system of government.

De Gaulle ended his speech with a challenge that startled all France: "After the people have spoken," he said, "I shall summon them to inaugurate the task. Where will be the rendezvous? On the Champs Elysées, of course."

In these words the French heard echoes of past Bonapartist plebiscites. De Gaulle, with total self-confidence and complete disregard of both fundamental system and law, was speaking directly to the people. Dictators, potential or actual, have a special concept of the people. They tend to think they must lead them into what they call "absolute democracy." Psychoanalysts would say that they "substitute" themselves for the people. Thus, on June 18, 1940, de Gaulle "substituted" himself for all the French. Then he was alone; he had to assume responsibility. He had to break with traditional discipline. He acted alone, and he succeeded. And now once again he is ready to act alone.

The hard core of his party is composed, naturally enough, of various "heroes": Free French generals, former resistance leaders, veterans of the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Combine

De Gaulle: 'Formez vos bataillons!'

Free French campaigns. Among them are two writers: Pierre Clostermann, the aviator whose *Le Grand Cirque* was a best-seller in 1950, and André Malraux, the author of *Man's Fate.*

De Gaulle's political headquarters is less impressive. Apart from Jacques Soustelle, secretary-general of the RPF, there are no outstanding figures. This weakness in the party high command emphasizes de Gaulle's isolation even more.

Who Are the Gaullists?

Any political movement is characterized by its supporters. At RPF meetings Malraux is apt to describe the new "Gaullist man" as a sort of crusader, a knight taking up arms to fight for the West against the eastern barbarians. But Malraux's "Gaullist man" is no more than a literary creation; he does not exist in the flesh. He was not present at Bagatelle on May Day, 1951. Who are the real Gaullists? It has been said that Gaullism represents the classical French Right. This is only partly true. The upper classes of the bourgeoisie do not trust de Gaulle. The great majority of businessmen are not backing him. His supporters come mainly from the same class for which fascism fulfilled a deep emotional and political need in Germany and Italy: the class between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie; those who are neither workingmen nor bourgeois, but are on the fringes of both classes. The Frenchmen who vote on June 17 for de Gaulle will have these two strong emotions in common: They will be violently anti-Communist; they will be violently dissatisfied with their status in society, their wages, and their government. De Gaulle guarantees that the government will be changed and that the Communists will be rendered innocuous—a simple program, perhaps too dangerously simple.

This perfect harmony between vague promises and generalized discontent explains the present strength of the Gaullist movement. It may also explain its future weaknesses.

The Reds March

MICHEL CLERC

THIS YEAR, as in preceding years, the French Communist Party chose the old revolutionary districts of the Bastille and the Faubourg St.-Antoine as settings for its May Day parade. Here reside the most enduring memories of barricades and proletarian fighting; from here, since 1789, for a century and a half the discontented have launched their protests and riots.

The Communists, astutely taking over this setting and tradition, represent themselves to five million French workers as direct and legitimate heirs of 1789. It is the French flag that they wave everywhere; the bands play *La Marseillaise* along with the *Internationale.* May 1 is labor's great day, but it is also a great day for the nation. The Communist Party knows very well that it cannot afford to look too foreign to the French. Monopolizing the traditional revolutionary spirit of the Left, it touches a common denominator in French psychology.

This May Day, for six hours, the Communists and many non-Communists paraded past a red-draped reviewing stand on which, among the members of the Political Bureau, Deputy Jacques Duclos stood beside the poet Louis Aragon. The parade in the midst of the great city was something like a county fair. From Montreuil and Ivry, from Bicêtre and Bercy, from all the outlying workmen's districts, busses brought in noisy and cheerful loads of women and children. It was a gay sight; it looked like one of the bright, gay scenes that Raoul Dufy paints. Who would ever have imagined that precisely at the same time Stalin and his general staff in the Red Square in Moscow were taking the salute from the most powerful army in the world?

For in Paris Auguste Lecoeur, one of the party's highest leaders, was making use of all the most traditional artifacts of "peace-loving" proletarian folklore—bands and clashing cymbals, floats covered with roses, lilies of the valley as boutonnières, groups of girls marching past singing. A fine new shiny tractor passed by with a boy of six at the wheel. "This is what the French workman wants to make, not cannon," a banner on it proclaimed. Next came two wrestlers working away at each other in a ring built on top of a truck; then gymnasts marched by; they stopped, turned somersaults, proceeded. They were followed by more girls singing and then by a brigade of children between six and ten years old, carrying signs: "Papa! Mamma! Protect us from the atom bomb!" Then came the inevitable melodramatic note: a huge float bearing a ruined cardboard city with Uncle Sam point-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing at the ruins with bloodstained hands.

In spite of the party's obvious attempt to remain "national" and wrap itself in the banner of the French Revolution, there was just a bit too much of Moscow about the parade. The metalworkers from the Renault factory, the gas and electricity workers of the Paris region, felt just a little bit uncomfortable. In the old days, when French workmen paraded in protest or to celebrate a trade-union holiday, or even May Day, they were satisfied with waving signs which they had made themselves and on which they had put down in black and white—rather clumsily—what they wanted the onlookers to know about their claims. But since the Communist Party has taken over the Left, such parades have become a sort of parody of a Catholic religious procession; they have assumed a certain irrational Oriental pomp and ritual. What can a subway employee or the messenger boy leaning on his bicycle think of the gigantic portraits of the party's dead, the heroes and the martyrs, as they are carried past, enormous and solemn? Even Thorez, presumably still alive in some Moscow hospital, has been turned into an icon.

Not content with claiming to represent the lay and revolutionary traditions, the party wants to provide for man's need for hope and faith; it is prepared to take over the role of the Roman Catholic Church. Its paradise, of course, is promised in this world, but that does not prevent it from furnishing its communicants with eloquent symbols of immortality.

The Communist Platform

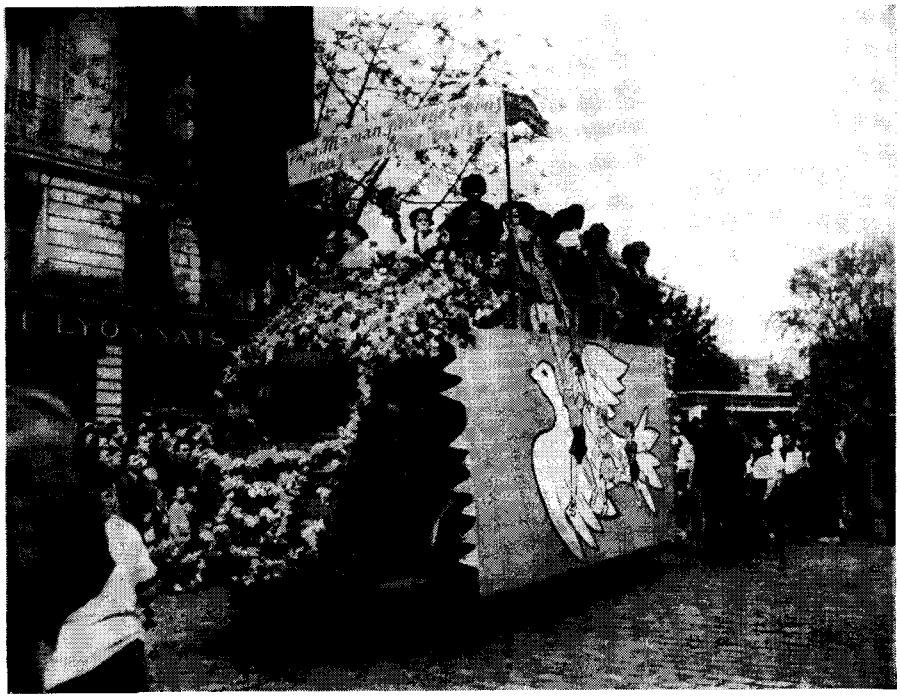
The Communist Party is going into the June 17 elections with a program based on two points: working-class unity and peace among the Big Five (on Moscow's terms, naturally). To de Gaulle's appeal for union of the French people, the Communists oppose their appeal for a united working-class front. Two million workers have slipped out of Communist control; the party is trying to win them back. Its leaders are again talking trade-unionism and wages—in an attempt to cover the fact that its real aim is subversion.

So far, its success has not been complete. Throughout France party membership has decreased. Dues have fallen off. From 1946 to 1950, membership in the Communist Confédération Générale du Travail fell from five million to one and a half million. Every one of the political strikes organized by the party since 1947 has failed. Finally, ever since 1947, the Communists, in spite of the 183-odd Deputies they control in the National Assembly, have been excluded from participation in the Government.

They have suffered heavy setbacks, which show also in the circulations of their newspapers—but the experts in the French Ministry of the Interior agree in estimating that in the coming elections the Communists will not lose more than ten per cent of their present representation in the Assembly. This is because they are undoubtedly the most powerfully and scientifically organized party of the Left. It is true that there is a "Titoist" movement in the northern coal mines, but the Communist leaders think that the movement has neither any real doctrinal base nor any practical political organization at this stage.

As for the pacifist propaganda—Stockholm Appeals and Picasso pigeons—it would seem that the French workers grow cooler and cooler to it as the elections near. The new and highly emotional campaign to compare the presence of American forces on French soil with the German occupation has proved unacceptable to French common sense. It can be added that anti-Americanism is being fought spontaneously and successfully by nonpolitical organizations such as the one calling itself "Peace and Freedom."

It has become very obvious recently that the Communist Party will have to look for new and different "peace" slogans, for Soviet super-armament is a fact which the French can see all too clearly and which the Communists cannot conceal. The Communists are trying to avoid this difficulty by their freshly revived interest in trade-unionism. They could not hope for success were it not for two factors: the weakness of all other parties of the Left and the existence of the Gaullist movement, which, rightly or wrongly, causes many Frenchmen to fear the possibility of fascism. In looking at France on the eve of the elections there are two mistakes an observer can make: to think of de Gaulle as the representative of the traditional French Right, and to accept the Communists' claim that they represent the traditional French Left. The fact is that the real Right and the real Left are still faithful to the French Republic—the Fourth, as it is now called. #



Wide World

The Communists: 'Papa, Mama, protect us. We want to live'

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contadini and Luigini

'. . . the two civilizations that face each other, the two Italies . . . '

CARLO LEVI

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *This passage from Carlo Levi's book* The Watch, *to be published on June 22 by Farrar, Straus & Young, comprises a monologue delivered by one Andrea to the author and another friend, Carmine. The scene is Rome in November, 1945, right after Ferruccio Parri, the Prime Minister who had been the leader of the resistance movement, was forced to resign. The three friends are slowly walking through a tunnel, or* traforo, *which connects two of Rome's principal thoroughfares. There have been some omissions for reasons of space.*)

AFTER FREQUENT pauses we had now reached, step by step, the middle of the tunnel. Here we could not hear the falling rain any longer, but the booming noise was louder, and although Andrea raised his voice I had a hard time following him.

"They say Bourgeoisie and Proletariat: a simple formula. Perhaps that was all right once; but what does it mean today? A commonplace . . . what's become of them? . . . Let's look around . . . we don't find them . . . or we find them mixed up with other things, and scattered.

"Of course we know that there aren't just two forces, two poles, but many, a great many in such a complicated civilization as ours. . . . Everybody knows that . . . and yet we really ought to try, at least in a mythological sense, if not historically and scientifically, to arrive at some kind of bipolar division of our own. The attempt to divide the world in two is not without its motive. In such matters reason plays only a small part, and everything unfolds as if it were a miracle play with angel and devil, white and black. I believe that without altering the truth but by attaining a simpler and deeper truth we can understand in dramatic and mythological terms into what two forces, classes, categories, species, or what have you, Italy is divided. And then our mental panorama will change and assume significance.

"I'll give names to these two forces, groups, or, if you prefer, diverse and opposed civilizations, because they're characters in a play. But you must let me give them dramatic or mythological names that suit their nature. What I mean is, if you're not contented with a name of this sort and you say I'm being poetical in the wrong place (you know, where I come from they scornfully call extravagant people 'poets,' people who have their heads in the clouds and never achieve anything serious), if you really insist, I'll translate these names into practical, historical, and political language, in fact I'll satisfy you in every way I can. . . .

"LISTEN! . . . The two true parties, as they'd say in the south, that fight each other, the two civilizations that face each other, the two Italies, are the *Contadini*—the peasants—and the *Luigini*.

"Contadini and Luigini!" he shouted, raising his arms in the din of the cavern. "Behold two movements, hostile and impenetrable. Behold the only two categories of our history. Contadini and Luigini, Luigini and Contadini."

We looked at him inquiringly without saying anything, a bit astonished by his poetic fervor, which, as he said, was not like him. He started to laugh as he looked at our faces, and went on.

"Now I'll explain, if I must. Things have to be called by names, and I've chosen these names because they're true. There's nothing I have to add to Contadini, is there, Carmine? . . . As for the Luigini—I've used the name of an imaginary character who through no fault or merit of his own embodies them completely, in a book you certainly know"—and here he turned to me—"Don Luigi, mayor and schoolmaster in a village of the south, as you well remember, Don Carlo. [Don Luigi was a character in Levi's book *Christ Stopped at Eboli.*]

"WELL, THEN . . . who are the Contadini? First of all they are the peasants, of course, those of the south and also of the north, almost all of them, with their civilization that lies outside of time and the course of history, with their closeness to living, their kinship to animals, to the forces of nature and the land, to their pagan and prepagan gods and saints; with all their patience and all their wrath. These are all things you know. It is another world, a world of magic and indistinctness, a civilization of oral tradition with a language based on the ideophonic rather than the ideogrammatic. It is the dark vital root that lies within all of us.

"But the Contadini are not only the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peasants: . . Of course there are the barons, too—What? . . . Don't eye me that way! . . . This isn't a question of separating the good from the bad: . . . I'm not a preacher or a demagogue or a moralist. I said 'barons'; the real ones, with castles on the tops of mountains—the peasant barons. You know them, Don Carlo.

"Then there are the industrialists, the contractors, the technicians, most of them in small and medium industries but some of them in big business as well. I don't mean those who live on protection, subsidies, gambling on the stock exchange, tips from the government, theft, favoritism, tariffs, contingent shares, import rights, corporation privileges. I mean the others who know how to build up a factory, that small part of the bourgeoisie who are energetic and up to date, who still survive in our country, anachronistic though it may seem. And also the agrarians, even the rich landowners—they belong to you, Carmine—who know how to carry on reclamation projects and restore the abandoned and degenerated land. They too are Contadini.

"And the workers too. I don't mean those who are corrupted and join with their masters in the petty affairs of their regions; the sort you don't know whether to pity because they're exploited or to despise because they themselves are the lowest kind of exploiters. But all the others, the great mass of workers who are educated in the creative rhythm of the factory, its voluntary discipline, the value that exists in it. It doesn't matter what they think or which party they belong to, they too are Contadini, and not only because most of them come from the countryside, but because on another level they have the substance of peasants.

"Nature for them is no longer the land, but lathes, grinding mills, sledge hammers, presses, drills, furnaces, and machinery. They have direct contact with this nature of iron, and they grow things from it, including hope and despair, and a mythological vision of the world. All men who make things, create them, love them, and are content with them are Contadini. Contadini, too, are artisans, doctors, mathematicians, painters, women—true women, not the imitation.

"Finally, if you'll permit me, *we* are Contadini. I don't mean the three of us, but those who used to be called by that odious word 'intellectuals' "—and here Andrea started to laugh again—"the 'progressive intellectuals.' In short, to use another odious word you might like better, those I call Contadini are the producers, and if you prefer that name, call them that. But as for myself, since we're not talking of economics or accomplishments or production, but of a distinction between civilizations, I prefer giving them their true name: Contadini.

"And who, then, are the Luigini? They're the others. The great, endless, formless, amoebalike majority of the petty bourgeoisie, with all its species and subspecies and variations, with all their miseries, inferiority complexes, morality and immorality, misdirected ambitions, and idolatrous fears. They're the ones who submit and command, love and hate the hierarchy, and serve and reign. They're the bureaucratic mob, employees of the state and the banks, model clerks, the military, the magistrates, lawyers, the police, college graduates, errand boys, students, and parasites. These, then, are the Luigini.

"The priests too, of course, although I know many who believe in what they say and who are not Luigini but Contadini. Then there are the industrialists and businessmen who keep going on the multimillions of the state, and also the workers who stand by them and the landowners and peasants of the same sort. All these are Luigini.

"There are the politicians, the organizers of all sorts and shades. They are perhaps Luigini without realizing they are or wanting to be, Luigini by circumstance, although many of them would rather be Contadini. I add them all together: Communists, Socialists, Republicans, Christian Democrats, Action Party, liberals, *qualunquisti,* neo-Fascists, the Right, the Left, revolutionary and conservative, whatever they are or pretend to be.

"Add at the end to complete the picture, the literary man, the eternal literary man of the eternal Arcadia, even though luckily he can neither read nor write.

"Those are the Luigini, the great Luiginian party. Beware, then, because the Luigini are the majority. Democratically, vote by vote, they're the winners. There are more of them, so the statistics tell us, in this petty-bourgeois country. There are more, but not so many more, for obvious reasons.

"We, the Contadini, are the minority, but a huge minority—close to half, almost forty-nine per cent—that wavers toward reaching this maximum limit and can't diminish much. Because no Luigino can live without a Contadino to suckle and nourish him; therefore he can't allow the Contadino offspring to thin out too much. If you figure things out, the Contadini will always be close to victory but can never win, although everything comes from their hands.

"The Luigini have the numbers, they have the state, the church, the parties, the political language, the army, the courts, and the press. The Contadini have none of them. They don't know that they exist, that they have any common interest. They are a mighty force that doesn't express itself, that doesn't speak. That's the whole problem. The language of the others, their state, flags, parties, do not suit the Contadini and have no meaning in their mouths. They too must

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speak, but in their own way. And up to now they've never been able to.

"What I'm saying is far from being a novelty or a discovery. It's been talked about a little in other terms, in all ages. Machiavelli, who was a Contadino, said it from his point of view, and so even did Guicciardini. In more recent times how many have had these ideas and have tried to unite the peasants!

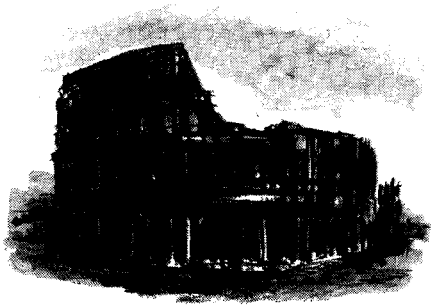
"But they were usually isolated men, or small groups of students or of men of culture. Or else they tried it in countries during violent short-lived revolts that ended in death or prison. If they reached the point of founding a party or a large movement, it soon changed and corrupted, denying its own beliefs for something Luiginistical . . . . The truth is that the formation of our party system is Luiginal, the techniques of our party battles and the structure of our state are Luiginal, so that if a peasant movement wants to survive, it must find a new form and organism of its own.

"Have you ever thought on what principle this state of ours is founded? Have you ever reflected on its extraordinary originality? And the true *moral and civil supremacy of the* Italian people?"

Andrea looked at us laughingly and questioningly.

"You don't believe me," he continued. "And still we have a supremacy that no one suspects. These people say that there are only two ways, only two principles on which one can construct a state and a society. The Russian and the American. Well, there's a third, completely different and equally important. It's the Italian way.

THE AMERICAN way, they say, is that of Liberty, the Russian way that of Justice; but the Italian way's another, it's that of Charity. Do you really believe that charity, which is one of the cardinal virtues, is worth less than the others? Our state is founded on charity, it is a state of charity. Naturally this governmental charity has a certain special character. It is a charity that turns toward itself and considers first and only the member of the state of which it is the foundation. The state is the incarnation of charity, and its dispenser, and spreads it among its own members, its functionaries, their families, their friends, on those who live on it directly or indirectly. . . . While the other states busy themselves with justice, equality, or liberty, ours is a big charitable organization for those who are part of it, namely, in simple language, for the Luigini. Someone's got to pay the expenses of the state. And those are the ones who don't play any part in the state: the Contadini. No one can hope to grow very fat, for ours is a poor country and there are so many Luigini.



"But we must be content. The system's ancient. It's still the Bourbon one,

but perfected by time, and finally, under Fascism, rendered official and completely legal.

"We thought we'd overturn it, but we didn't succeed. And now the lay charity of the Italian state is about to receive another touch, the holy oil of Christian charity. That way, the deed will be perfected and our supremacy incontestable.

"Within this state of Luiginistical charity, with its rituals, its formulas, its rights and consolidated interests, imagine what could happen to socialist structures. Luiginism would expand and propagate among them like a malignant tumor. Therefore socialism can't revive; it has stayed where it was a century ago, and every time it makes an effort to go farther, it looks backward with a most touching and declamatory nostalgia.

"I don't feel myself that it's easy to unite the Contadini forces, and history

proves it. It can't be done with parties or within the party frameworks, which are Luiginian by definition, less still with the Luiginistical mistrust within the parties themselves. It is also difficult because of the inability of the various Contadini elements to express themselves and understand each other.

"One needs to think not of what one used to call politics but of an infinity of independent organizations that concern themselves with real problems, the only true substance of politics, and are bound together by an over-all organization that speaks for everyone. It's an almost impossible achievement but the day will come soon when we must attempt to do it. You'll see. All the old parties that have sprung up again after the storm have first triumphed and then one after another failed. . . .

"We'll have to start again from the very beginning and this time without hurry, without illusions, day by day, without heroics but with clear ideas. After all, no pure Luigino exists, nor Contadino either. They all have a bit from the one and a bit from the other, only in different measure.

"We'll have to allow the Luigino that's in everyone to find an outlet in organizing the parties, while we prepare another role for the Contadino. It's still too early. Even if the wheel seems to stand still it has already turned to their side, and for some years we won't be able to stop it. We'll have to listen to Luiginian talk. We'll see many things happen. But we'll be deaf and blind and we'll go on hoeing the earth."

WITHOUT realizing it we had come to the far end of the *traforo*. Outside the tunnel a few raindrops were falling on the wet asphalt. After the gasoline fumes in the tunnel, the damp air in the open seemed filled with the fresh smell of moss, leaves, and tree trunks, like a wood in autumn. #

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Italy: The Christian Democrats

De Gasperi's 'rainbow' party is an uneasy coalition within a coalition

LEO J. WOLLEMBORG

NOW THAT the returns of the first round of municipal elections in northern Italy are in, the figures fail to support the jubilant claims of victory by the Christian Democratic Party. True, the coalition of parties which it headed wrested administrative control of such cities as Milan, Genoa, and Venice from the Communists and their left-wing Socialist allies. But the returns, when broken down numerically, show that in the three years since the general election of April, 1948—years in which the Christian Democrats have governed the country with America's hearty support and about $1.3 billion in ECA aid—the party has lost substantial numbers of voters, mostly to the extreme Right and to apathy, while the Communists and their allies actually picked up votes.

In 1948, the Christian Democrats won forty-nine per cent of the popular vote, an absolute majority in the Chamber of Deputies, and a comfortable plurality in the Senate. The party, which had about a million registered voters, got ten times that many votes. Obviously, millions of Italians voted for the Christian Democrats as the only alternative to Communism.

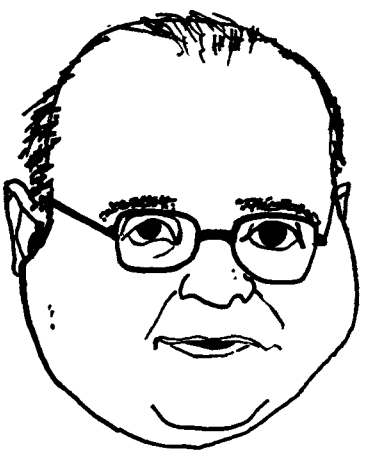
Now the Christian Democrats have reached a point where, to regain their waning popularity, they have to close their ranks and reassess their policies. They have to listen more attentively to the anti-Communist democratic forces that lined up alongside them in the election, and to figure out a new strategy to break what now appears to be the solid front on the Left.

Before the Christian Democrats can lead a strong coalition, they will have to clean out, strengthen, and unify their own party, for it is itself a coalition—a rainbow with a spectrum ranging all the way from a faint pink to a Fascist black, or at least gray. Even to Americans, who are used to party rebels and mavericks, the diversity of the groups that have thrown in their lot with Premier Alcide de Gasperi's party is astonishing. Indeed, it is thanks only to the Premier's singular personality, his unusual mixture of deep piety and political skill, that the party has held together at all.

Professors and Opportunists

To start on the Left, there are the so-called "Young Turks," also nicknamed *i professorini* (the little professors), who combine Catholic Action training, academic background, impatience to get things done, and a deeply religious interest in the welfare of the poor. In social and economic affairs they do not differ materially from the moderate Socialists—except, as de Gasperi has wryly reminded them on occasion, that they are even more leftish. When the Cabinet was reshuffled in January, 1950, the "Young Turks" insisted on a new economic course and demanded a Cabinet post for their leader, Giuseppe Dossetti, with authority to co-ordinate the major economic departments. Upon de Gasperi's refusal, two of their men, Fanfani and La Pira, the Minister and Under Secretary of Labor, dropped out of the Cabinet. A few weeks later, however, Dossetti accepted a high position in the party machine.

But there are indications that the left-wingers, far from disarming, have been building up their strength. Fanfani has been getting wide publicity for his program of full employment and his criticisms of the Government. The Left has often dissented from de Gasperi lately and has tried vigorously to mobilize scattered forces—in the Catholic youth organizations, among the younger clergy, and in the free labor unions. They find natural allies, of course, in the predominantly Christian Democratic CISL, Italy's second largest labor federation, with over a million members. Giulio Pastore, secretary-general of the CISL, has consistently called for a policy of full employment and utilization of Italy's



Guido Gonella

Mario Scelba

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

productive resources—along the lines advocated by the ECA.

Without an open test, the strength of the Left is hard to assess, but it probably commands the support of at least thirty-five per cent and perhaps fifty per cent of the registered membership of the Christian Democratic Party.

Sometimes to the Left, sometimes to the Right, but almost always an annoyance to the Government is a group of about fifteen Christian Democratic Deputies ranged around Giovanni Gronchi, former secretary-general of the party and since 1948 President of the Chamber of Deputies. They usually join the left-wingers in criticizing the Government's conduct of economic affairs. In political matters, however, their position is quite different. Gronchi and his supporters manage to flirt with the nationalistic Right while winking at the Communistic Left. Their favorite themes are patriotism, past military glories, and a more truly "Italian" policy—a handy formula which might mean loosening Atlantic Treaty ties, forming a "national union" Government supported by the Communists, and injecting a good dash of neutralism into foreign policy. Gronchi himself seems willing to ride any horse, of any color, that might carry him to the Premiership. No wonder the wishful lists of future Governments, circulated by Communists and neo-Fascists in times of Cabinet crisis, have been headed by his name.

Then comes "the swamp" (*la palude*), the habitat of those many Christian Democratic backbenchers who adhere faithfully to the official party line.

After "the swamp" come the benches of the rightists. They are a motley crowd, with a composite background. Some have traditional interests, others newly won positions, to defend. Almost all are hostile to new-fangled notions of economic and social democracy and vaguely nostalgic for the good old times of Fascism and pre-Fascist monarchy. They are strongest in the semi-feudal south, where the party has found it expedient to co-operate with monarchists and even neo-Fascists. They represent those forces of wealth and tradition which in 1948 sought a respectable re-entry permit into politics under the shield of Christian Democracy.

The most important and articulate Christian Democrats of the Right are the *vespisti*—so called because they held their first meetings in a showroom for Vespas, a popular Italian motor-scooter. Their leader is Carmine de Martino, one of the wealthiest landowners of the south and a man with excellent political connections. On the extreme fringe the party not long ago included Florestano di Fausto, who, writing in a pro-Fascist paper, went so far as to taunt the Christian Democrats with the "original sin" of participation in the resistance movement.

Those Who Stand Alone

In addition to all these factions, clans, and cliques, the Christian Democratic Party has a number of personalities whose influence is determined more by their personal prestige than by the parliamentary votes they carry.

There is Pietro Campilli, a very successful businessman, who was Minister without Portfolio in one of the early de Gasperi Cabinets and came back last year to take charge of the special program for the south. On economic matters, Campilli has often taken a line similar to that of the left-wingers; hence, in the Cabinet he is a counterweight to the influence of Giuseppe Pella, present Minister of the Treasury and leading spokesman for nineteenth-century economic liberalism.

There is Interior Minister Mario Scelba, Italy's strong man and the Communists' No. 1 enemy. On occasion Scelba has come out against the neo-Fascists with equal bluntness, but his bill to curb their activities was blocked in the Senate last November and has been forgotten since.

There is Attilio Piccioni, a party wheelhorse and former secretary-general, who is now Minister of Justice. Rome wits have nicknamed Piccioni "the Queen Mother," because he is reported always ready to head a regency should de Gasperi step down.

Then there is Guido Gonella, a former editorial writer for the Vatican paper *L'Osservatore Romano* and still very close to the highest Vatican circles. As Minister of Education, Gonella is in charge of a far-reaching program of school reform (a very important subject to the Catholic leadership), and so is the target of the most vocal anti-clerical opposition.

Catholic Action

The picture would not be complete without mention of the Civic Committees, the political arm of Catholic Action, which were established under the leadership of Luigi Gedda, then chief of the men of Catholic Action, early in 1948. The immediate result was the mushrooming of thousands of local committees, staffed by some fifty thousand volunteers, financed with contributions from home and abroad, and dedicated to getting out every anti-Communist voter. After de Gasperi's victory, Gedda decided to make the committees permanent rather than disband them, as many Christian Democrats had expected and possibly hoped. Gedda has emphasized time and again that his Committees are not a political party. Still, much of his strength comes from the support of powerful Vatican circles who feel that the Christian Democrats may not prove "clerical" enough and who, on general principle, do not like to put

Giovanni Gronchi

Giulio Pastore

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alcide de Gasperi and his 'patchwork party'

all their eggs in a single basket. Moreover, Gedda has succeeded where the Christian Democrats have signally failed: His political machine sparked the Christian Democrats, who have never managed to build an efficient machine of their own, to their victory of 1948. In the recent elections, the Civic Committees called for the election of "honest, efficient, patriotic administrators," regardless of party affiliations. While Gedda clearly drew boundaries on the left, he had left them rather open on the right-hand side.

De Gasperi's Juggling Act

To keep this patchwork confederation together would be quite a job under any circumstances and for any length of time; de Gasperi has managed to do it for over five years. His has been an amazing performance of diplomatic skill and political resourcefulness. He has cajoled, wheedled, needled, and threatened—exploiting to the full the qualities and the weaknesses of the various Christian Democratic groups and individuals, making the most of the fact that, should he withdraw, the party would not know where to turn. But only too often the difficulties of the Italian situation, the rocking balance of power within the party, and de Gasperi's own disposition have combined to make inaction and postponement the line of least resistance. Even the Government's determined anti-Communism has been no more than a policy of containment; it has certainly failed to carry the attack to the heart of the enemy positions. The Communists have retreated before the jeeps of Scelba's police, but the Christian Democrats have not tackled the social and economic issues which the Communists exploit but did not invent. A motto concocted by Rome wits for the Christian Democrats runs: "Never do today what you might have a good excuse for not doing tomorrow."

Sins of Omission

Land reform is barely getting under way. Fiscal reform is still on paper. Industrial reorganization hasn't reached the blueprint stage, while the country continues to foot the bill of a system compounding the worst features of private enterprise and nationalization. Over ten per cent of the labor force is unemployed, while industrial production is running at fifty to seventy-five per cent of capacity.

With the growing impact of the Korean developments, the Italian Government's sins of omission have started catching up with it. The Government has sought to follow a policy of laissez faire at a time when the situation calls for a bold policy of public investment and strict, effective government controls. It has failed to streamline the antiquated, cumbersome, bureaucratic machine; now the inadequacy of the administrative tools is coming down on it with a vengeance. It has failed to give the people a feeling of partnership in the government of the country; now it is hard indeed to rouse the people from their apathy and overcome their distrust of government in general.

It is generally anticipated that the trend indicated by the results in the northern provinces will be confirmed in the rest of the country. In the south, an even larger quota of the votes may go to the royalists and neo-Fascists, who have established a common front under the flag of "national opposition," with financial support from some northern industrialists and many southern landowners. Some are trying to blackmail the Christian Democrats; others are actually working for a monarchist restoration; all want to exploit the government's foreign and domestic difficulties to block economic and social reforms.

If the elections threw a scare into the Christian Democrats, they may have a very salutary effect. They may teach the chastened party leaders to treat the anti-Communist Socialists—who held their own where the Christian Democrats lost strength—as allies, not camp followers.

The paradoxical result of the municipal elections, at best, could be this: While de Gasperi has been weakened as the head of the Christian Democrats' internal coalition he has been strengthened as the head of a coalition of democratic anti-Communist parties. Provided always his party follows the mandate of the people, which, simply expressed, seems to be: "We don't want Communism, but it's high time for a change." #

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Myth of the Chinese Landlord

Examination of landholding shows that Mao has been wrestling with a ghost

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

A CURIOUS statement on the most important issue of Chinese domestic policy has recently been made by the Communist régime. It says that land reform, which the authorities regard as their major justification and as the pride of their social policy, has so far been carried out in only one-third of China. In the rest of the country the reform is to be made gradually over the next two or three years. At the same time a new law has drastically changed its main lines.

This announcement undoubtedly reflects the first major internal difficulty Mao Tse-tung has had to face since the day in 1949 when his armies emerged triumphant from the civil war. Its essence is a sharp clash between Stalinist myth and reality. It is a Stalinist myth that the Chinese revolution is freeing the peasant from the domination of the feudal landlord. There is no class of feudal landlords, such as most European countries and Russia have known in the past, in China. Stalinism has invented the Chinese feudal landlord for doctrinal and tactical reasons which cannot be analyzed here. But the invention has had odd consequences. The imaginary character has assumed, as it were, a life of his own, and he has been playing strange tricks with the Chinese revolution. Mao's successive land reforms reflect his wrestling with a ghost.

To explain this, we must solicit the reader's patience for some plain but not widely known statistics. The table below throws a revealing light on the social structure of rural China. It shows how the land used to be distributed among the various social groups. The table was computed in the 1930's by the Chinese economist Tao Chi-fu and reproduced in Volume 32 of the *Great Soviet Encyclopedia*. It contains, as far as we know, the most comprehensive data available on this subject to this day. Recent reports from China indicate that the social structure of the countryside changed very little, if at all, from the 1930's till the moment when the Communists took power.

DISTRIBUTION OF LAND IN CHINA

	Number of Families	Percentage of total	Possession of land (in acres)	Percentage of total
Landlords	*2,400,000*	*4*	*108,000,000*	*50*
Well-to-do farmers ("kulaks")	*3,600,000*	*6*	*38,900,000*	*18*
"Middle peasants"	*12,000,000*	*20*	*32,400,000*	*15*
Poor peasants & farm laborers	*42,000,000*	*70*	*36,700,000*	*17*

Forty-Five-Acre Barons

On the face of it, this table seems to confirm the notion about the feudal character of China's rural economy. Until recently, four per cent of all families living on agriculture possessed fifty per cent of the land. If landlords and well-to-do peasants are treated as one group, then ten per cent of the families owned nearly seventy per cent of the land. Poor farmers and farm laborers, who made up seventy per cent of the rural population, owned only seventeen per cent of the area under cultivation. So striking a contrast in the ownership of land is usually associated with the predominance of feudal landlordism. Indeed, nearly all Chinese landlords rent their land to the peasant-tenants and share in the crops. At least fifty per cent of the tenant's crop goes, or went until very lately, to the landlord; and a sixty or

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even seventy per cent rate in share-cropping has not been uncommon.

But this is only half the story. The other half emerges when we find out just how much land an average Chinese landlord possesses and how much is owned by the peasants of the various categories. About this, Stalinist sources have been completely silent. But from the table reproduced here it is evident that the Chinese "feudal" landlord possesses an average of only forty-five acres of land. The "kulak" has nearly eleven acres, the middle peasant less than three, and the poor peasant less than one. To treat the owner of forty-five acres as a feudal lord is downright absurd.

To be sure, an acre in China is not the same as an acre in Europe or America. Despite its primitive technique, Chinese farming is highly intensive, and often produces two, three, or even four crops a year. But even if we assume that forty-five acres in China are the equivalent of 150-200 acres in Europe and America, their owner is still very far from the social status of a Prussian *Junker*. The landlord whom the Russian Revolution dispossessed had owned five to six thousand acres on the average. Compared with him, the Chinese landlord is economically and socially a dwarf. (It should be added that these statistics relate to China proper but not to Manchuria, where there were once much larger estates.)

The point discussed here is of more than academic interest. It has had, and it will still have, far-reaching practical consequences. It closely affects the alignment of social and political forces in China. Nearly two and a half million owners have been classified as landlords. With their families they number about twelve million people. This is a social class with numerical weight, not a handful of aristocrats.

Revolution by Installments

A comparison with the situation in Russia in 1917 again reveals a striking contrast. The Russian Revolution had to deal with only *thirty thousand* landlord families sitting on vast estates. An unbridgeable gulf separated the Russian landlord from the peasant. His manor house or castle usually stood well outside the village, towering high above the muzhiks' huts and cottages—a symbol in stone and masonry of his social domination. On it centered automatically the furious hatred of an exploited peasantry.

When the revolution came, the lines were clearly drawn. This is how an American scholar who watched the Russian agrarian upheaval describes the final clash: "One September day in the fateful year 1917 [that is, even before the Bolshevik Revolution], by a roadside in the South Central Steppe, a man climbed a telephone pole and cut the minute thread of communication which joined a manor house on the northern horizon with the towns, the police stations and the barracks. . . . In one sense the manor house now stood quite alone, but not really so, for within sight of its groves there were several peasant villages. Thus, the two elements—peasant and proprietorial—were left momentarily to react upon each other in isolation. And within a few hours the estate had been looted, the mansion was in flames, and somewhere within the fiery circle the master of the house lay dead."—G. T. Robinson in *Rural Russia Under the Old Régime*.

Such scenes occurred in 1917 all over the Russian countryside. The Bolsheviks did not stage the agrarian upheaval; they merely rode the crest of a wave stronger than any party.

It is now clear that no such upheaval of elemental force has occurred in China, with the probable exception of Manchuria and a few isolated districts elsewhere. Otherwise it would have been impossible for Peking to plan now that the land reform over two-thirds of the country should be carried out gradually within two or three years. Such an agrarian revolution by installments was unthinkable in Russia. The Kerensky régime attempted it and was swept away. If the Bolsheviks had attempted it, their lot would not have been better. Mao must attempt it precisely because there is no sharp dividing line between the mass of the petty landlords and the peasantry. The Chinese landlord often lives among his tenants (no doubt in a relatively comfortable country house); and sometimes he does not differ very much from them. Significantly, in its latest commentaries on the new land law, the Peking government instructs the peasants what the distinctive marks of a landlord are. The need for such instruction speaks

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

volumes. Where feudal landlordism really exists, the peasants need not be told how to recognize it.

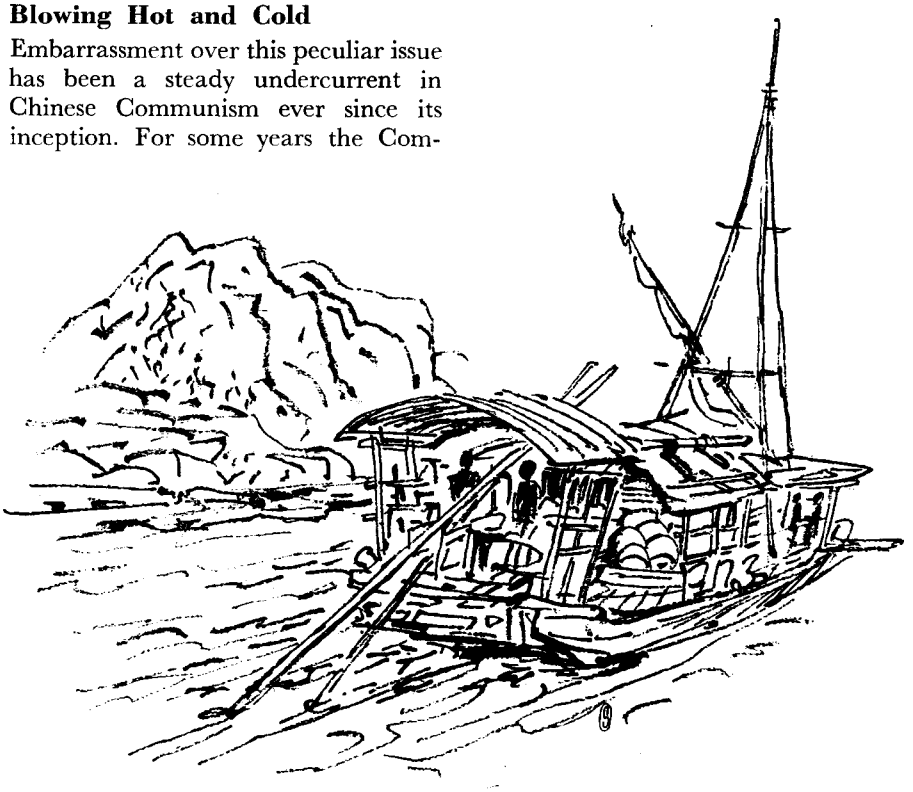
This is not to say that the Chinese landlord is not, in the economic sense, a parasite. As a rule, he lives almost exclusively on sharecropping, and himself does not contribute to the nation's wealth. Usually he is also the village usurer. But apart from these parasitical traits, he has nothing in common with his feudal counterpart.

Social relations in rural China, with extreme poverty on the one hand and this pathetic parody on feudal landlordism on the other, reflect centuries and millennia of economic and social stagnation. The prevalent form of ownership, the tiny landholding, has not allowed for that concentration of wealth in the hands of the few which in other countries has sometimes promoted economic progress. Yet without allowing the few to become very wealthy, it has condemned the many to utter destitution. This determines the starting point of Mao's régime. Nothing suits a revolutionary party better than to be able to isolate and dispossess a small group of exploiters. But for such a party it is a tremendous handicap when it is confronted from the beginning with a vast mass of petty "parasites" densely spread over the whole body of the nation.

Blowing Hot and Cold

Embarrassment over this peculiar issue has been a steady undercurrent in Chinese Communism ever since its inception. For some years the Communist Party was torn by a controversy between those who favored abolition of landlordism according to the classical revolutionary models and those who saw little opportunity for an imitation of those models. Some Communist leaders advocated the view that the landlords should be dispossessed only of what they possessed above thirty acres, even though so modest a reform would have left a negligible amount of land to be shared out among the peasants.

Eventually the Communist Party committed itself to the confiscation of property exceeding roughly ten acres.



But this program was shelved after the Japanese invasion. In Yenan, Mao, anxious to secure co-operation with "patriotic landlords," stopped expropriation altogether 'and merely reduced the land rent. Only in May, 1946, did he proclaim an end to the truce and resume the old policy, which was later embodied in the law of 1947.

That law provided for the confiscation of the landlords' estates; the requisitioning of the "surplus" property of the "kulaks"; the egalitarian distribution of confiscated and requisitioned property; and the abolition of all rural debts.

This law governed, until quite recently, the reform in Manchuria and in the northeastern fringe of China, where relatively large estates had existed. Nearly 100 million acres were divided there among the peasants —not much less than all the landlords' estates in the whole of China proper. The difficulties began with the attempt to carry the reform into the other provinces. As a recent publication of the Economic Department of the Moscow Academy of Science put it, in central, southern, and southwestern China "the position of the landlords has proved much stronger than in the north and northeast." The same source clearly implied that the peasants have welcomed the reduction of the landlords' share in the crops but have shown lukewarmness toward expropriation.

The reform, as envisaged by the 1947 law, threatened to provoke a common front at least of landlords and "kulaks." The core of that opposition might have consisted of about

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

six million families (thirty million people), wielding considerable influence in the countryside. The cataclysm their resistance might have produced would have been more like that of the Russian collectivization of 1929 than like the upheaval of 1917. One of the results would have been the disruption in the supply of agricultural produce to the towns; and this danger Peking has been anxious to forestall, especially in view of its involvement in war.

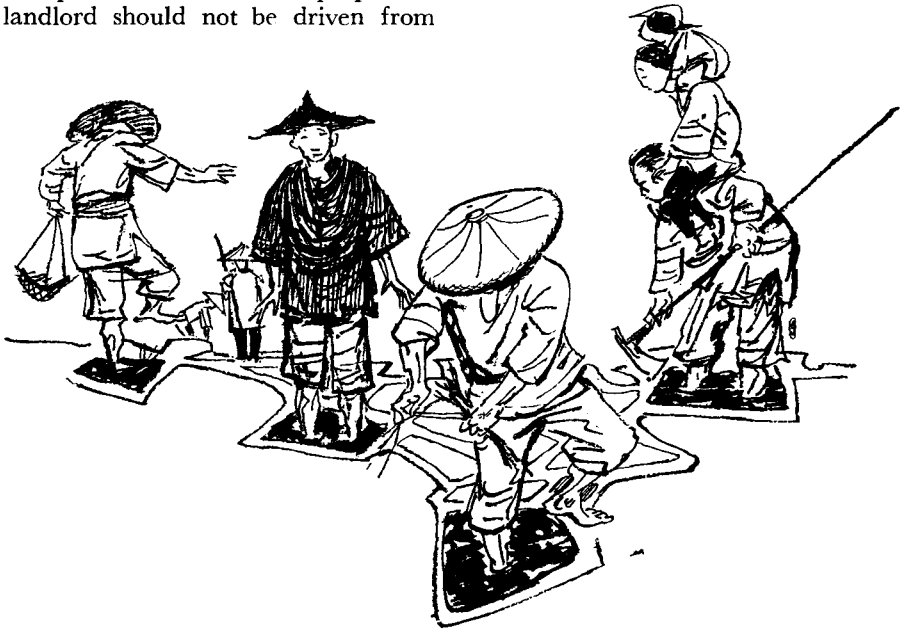
The New Law

A new land law was passed last June, almost simultaneously with the outbreak of the Korean War; it has been enforced since the end of 1950. It altogether exempts the "kulak" from expropriation, and it even tries to encourage his efforts. "The Party," says Mao, "ought to switch over from requisitioning surplus land and property from the kulaks to a policy of preserving well-to-do farming, which should help in the rehabilitation of agricultural production." The new law further softens the impact of the reform on the landlords themselves. It slows down the tempo of dispossession. It provides for a partial reclassification of landowners, under which some of those hitherto labeled landlords will be allowed to acquire peasant status and escape expropriation. Even large estates are exempt from the reform if they are used for industrial or commercial businesses. The lowering of rents is to be carried out only gradually, province by province.

Peking places strong emphasis on the provision that the expropriated landlord should not be driven from the land altogether but be allowed to retain a peasantlike holding, in curious contrast to Russia, where the peasants pitilessly smoked out the landlords from the countryside. Thus, since he had faced the real Chinese landlord and peasant, Mao has had nothing to exorcise but the ghost of the feudal landlord.

Another purpose of his new policy is to associate the mass of the peasantry with the modified reform. It is at village meetings, with the participation of all villagers, that it is to be decided who is a landlord and who is a kulak, a middle or a poor peasant; who is to be dispossessed and how; and who is to benefit. At the village meetings detailed inquiries are conducted into the standards of living, the wealth, and the moral conduct of every villager. A feature is the "confessions" of the landlords, followed by condemnation or rehabilitation.

Mao has owed much of his success to support from the peasantry. But in the light of the new policy, one may ask how great is the peasants' stake now in the Communist régime. It is still considerable but probably not so great as Mao had hoped. It is definitely less than was the initial stake of the Russian peasant in the Bolshevik Revolution. Having been relieved by Mao from the burdens of sharecropping and indebtedness, the peasantry is almost certain to oppose to the utmost any attempt at a restoration of the old order. The Kuomintang will forever be associated in its mind with the compulsion of the peasant to give up one-half and more of the produce of his toil. The redistribution of the land, if and when it is completed, will create for a time a new link between the régime and the peasantry. But the landless seventy per cent of the peasantry will receive at most one acre of land per family; and eventually about ninety per cent of the rural population will till not more than two.



It is easy to foresee the problem this will create. The two-acre farm is condemned to low productivity. It cannot secure the supply of food to the cities and the armed forces, especially if the government should embark upon ambitious industrialization projects. The poor peasant will eat more than hitherto—this is the usual concomitant of any land reform—and, unless crops are much more abundant, the urban population must consume less. This danger is even now casting its shadow ahead.

Mass Migration?

For all its social and political merits, land reform creates an economic impasse. It cannot do away with rural overpopulation and with primitive techniques of farming. According to some authorities, not more than sixteen per cent of the arable land has so far been under cultivation. If so, a vast fund of land should be available for internal colonization; but this seems very doubtful. Peking makes no secret that eventually it will seek a solution in collectivization. For many years, however, the material and political preconditions for collectivization will be lacking. Another solution, discussed by experts and envisaged in one of the programs of the Communist Party, might be sought in the mass migration of the peasantry. Across the frontier lie the underpopulated spaces of Asiatic Russia, ready to absorb into newly built industrial centers millions of immigrants accustomed to a standard of living much lower than the Russian. The "yellow flood" which has for so long haunted some minds in the West will be only too eagerly welcomed by Moscow's economic planners.

Thus land reform in China is likely to be only the beginning of vast population movements and upheavals that may, in the course of time, alter the face of Asia beyond recognition. #

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sandals for a Son

The story of an Indian peasant, a parcel, and a telegraph wire

SURESH VAIDYA

THE SOUND of the bell came from the open yard in front of the village hall, sonorously, monotonously, heralding the arrival of the postman. Villagers left their chores and hurried, assembling around him in a wide circle, as they always did on Mondays.

Satisfied that the majority of the villagers were now before him, the postman stopped sounding the bell, hung it by the hook on his leather belt, and, ponderously arranging the steel-rimmed glasses on the bridge of his nose, fished a wad of letters from his khaki bag.

"Tanu Mote, farmer, living in the house next to the green stable," he droned, poring over a yellowing envelope. Then, lifting his gaze, he shouted, "Hey, is Tanu Mote here? One who lives next to the green stable?"

A villager advanced meekly, falteringly, took the letter, saluted the postman, and retired. Tanu Mote was in possession of something mysterious and precious, a letter.

"Genu Saba, blacksmith, living in the cottage in the cauliflower garden," the postman went on, and then shouted, "Hey, Genu Saba here?"

Genu Saba received his letter with a bow and withdrew.

"Gopal Mali," continued the postman, maintaining the same tone of voice, "living in the house near the Maruti Temple. Hey, where is Gopal Mali?" and in a high-pitched and slightly irritated voice added, "Where is he? Let him come forward."

Gopal, a wizened little man, advanced, eying the postman nervously. Then, cupping his hands before him like a mendicant waiting for alms, he received the letter and returned among the crowd. He studied the envelope for a moment, then hid it deep inside his pocket, holding it there securely between his thumb and forefinger.

The postman finished his business, murmured something into the ear of the Town Clerk, Sadasiv, and, retrieving his staff, went on his way.

PANTING, Gopal reached his house and knocked on the door furiously. Since it did not open in a hurry, he sat down on the stone step. Producing the letter from his pocket, he began examining the envelope once again.

First he held it straight, then sideways, then upside down; he looked for a long time at the stamp, and again thrust it back into his pocket lest he should lose it. One did not get a letter every day, or even every month. It was one of those things that came rarely. No doubt this was from his son Pandu, who had gone to the city eight months before in search of work.

Gopal Mali crossed his legs, placed his elbow on his knee, and, supporting his chin on his clenched fist, started thinking. Now what did Pandu have to say? That he had found a job and was happy? Or that he had had no luck yet and needed money? That had he fallen ill or been robbed? What, in the name of God, what? He speculated rapidly, quite oblivious to the fact that the door had opened and his wife Sita was inquiring, "Why did you rattle the door so hard?"

Gopal Mali did not reply. He gazed at Sita inanely, as if she did not exist.

"What is it?" persisted Sita, undaunted by her husband's silence. "Is it your intention to break the door?"

Gopal Mali suddenly came back to earth, smiled, but still did not say a word. This annoyed Sita, and she was about to unleash an attack on his character, his habits, and even the way his face had been changing lately, when Gopal said, "A letter has arrived!"

"A letter?" exclaimed Sita, her attitude undergoing a sudden change. "A letter? Show me."

"A letter," emphasized Gopal, slowly

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bringing the treasure from his pocket.

"Open it," said Sita. "Give it to me. I will carefully cut its edges with the scythe."

"What is the point in opening the letter here?" Gopal observed, as if the suggestion were so frivolous that it should not have been made in the first place. "Do we know how to read? I must go and get it read. Must go and get it read by the Town Clerk. When I come back I will tell you what it says."

And without waiting to hear his wife's denunciation, he hurried to Sadasiv's house.

On the way he passed several acquaintances, who greeted him with "Ram Ram," but Gopal was not in a mood to stop and exchange a word or even to return their greetings. He made for Sadasiv's with immodest haste, racing past Tanu Mote and Genu Saba, who, having also received letters, were also headed for the Town Clerk's.

The Town Clerk was seated on his veranda, bent over a scroll of paper on which he was scribbling away with an eagle plume. He scarcely noticed Gopal as the latter stood before him murmuring, "Ram Ram."

Without lifting his head, the Town Clerk waved his eagle plume, beckoning Gopal to take a seat in the corner of the veranda. "Let this last line finish," he said.

"Come to get your letter read?" asked Sadasiv after the last line had been scribbled.

Gopal stole forward, nodding, smiling, and placed the letter on the Brahman's lap. "A letter," he said pointing to it as if the Town Clerk was likely to mistake it for something else. "A letter from my son."

Sadasiv screwed up his eyebrows and, lifting the envelope in his fingers, said slowly and deliberately, "The reading will cost you a dozen bananas."

"Ho, a dozen bananas!" retorted Gopal. "It isn't big enough. Not worth a dozen bananas under any circumstances."

The Town Clerk tore open the edge of the envelope with a penknife. Adjusting his glasses, he held the sheet against the light, remarking as he did so, "A dozen bananas. The lines are close and the handwriting is clumsy, like a chicken's footprints."

Gopal was ready to protest again, but spying Tanu Mote climbing the steps of Sadasiv's house, he hastened to say, "If that is your fee, it must be paid, mustn't it?" The Town Clerk adjusted his glasses once again, scratched his back, and started droning: "To Gopal Mali his son Pandu Mali sends his Ram Ram. Eight months have passed since I arrived here. A big place is this city, and also long are its roads. I have found no work yet, but I have still some money left. I am hoping to get a job in a few days in the Grain Wharf. How are you getting on? My Ram Ram to you and mother. I told you at the beginning of this letter that the city is a big place and the roads are very long. My sandals have worn out. I can buy a pair here, but prices in the city are very high. So please send me a pair by return post."

Gopal pondered. "He says he wants a pair of sandals?"

"That is what he says. The roads in the city are long and his old pair has worn out. See that those bananas are slightly green. I don't want to eat them immediately."

"And he wants the pair by return post?"

The Town Clerk nodded, flicking away a fly that had settled on his tonsured head.

"When will the post for the city leave?"

"It has already left, my good man."

"Ah!" exclaimed Gopal.

"The postman took away the outgoing letters with him. But if you are in a hurry to send the sandals, go to the town. There you will be able to catch the post until tomorrow morning. Don't forget the bananas."

Gopal's face lit up. "Then will you kindly write down in a letter what I have to say?"

The town clerk again thoughtfully passed his hand over his tonsured head. "That will cost you one whole bunch of bananas, or a basket of cucumbers if you have grown any this season," adding wisely, "writing is more difficult than reading."

"Ho, what is difficult in writing?" protested Gopal. "You dip the plume in the inkwell and pass it over the paper. What is difficult in writing, I ask you?"

"A whole bunch of bananas or a

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

basket of cucumbers," insisted the Town Clerk. The price was agreed upon.

Sadasiv brought out his scroll of paper, and the eagle plume began to scratch across it:

"From Gopal Mali to his son Pandu Mali. We were pleased to hear in your letter that you are well. Look after your health. We are also pleased to learn that you will be getting a job in a few days. You say the roads in the city are long, and your sandals have worn out. They were good sandals, those that you took with you, hard and strong, mind you. But we are sending you another pair with this letter, which we hope will serve your need. We are happy here, and wish to hear from you always. Write to us when you receive the sandals."

WHEN GOPAL returned home he found his wife's anger had not abated. However, when he communicated the contents of the letter, her expression changed completely. "I will go to town," he said. "Pandu wants the sandals soon."

Hastily collecting the packet of lunch which Sita wrapped up for him, he thrust some money into his pocket, wound the letter to Pandu in his turban, and took the road.

He reached the town before sunset. Some cobblers' stalls were still open. Gopal stood before each stall, and took a long time before he approached a cobbler.

"A good pair of sandals I want," he said to the stallkeeper. "A strong pair to send to my son in the city. The roads being long there, one requires a strong pair, understand."

The cobbler showed him a large assortment of footwear. Gopal picked up the pairs one by one, pulled them this way and that, trying to tear them apart. Finally he selected a pair with a red flower design. They were not only strong but they were also fancy, and in cities one must look fancy, especially if one is an only son.

"Leather has gone down in price," Gopal told the stallkeeper. "How much are these?"

"Two rupees," replied the stallkeeper coldly.

"Ho, two rupees! As if this were the first time I had purchased sandals. Be reasonable. I can get them cheaper elsewhere."

"Get them elsewhere, then," replied the stallkeeper coolly, making to put away his wares. Gopal weighed the situation in his mind. He certainly would like to beat down the price, but the stalls were beginning to close.

"Tie them well in a parcel," Gopal ordered, and, producing the letter from his turban, added, "and put this in the parcel with them."

GOPAL picked up the parcel and found his way quickly to the post office. Thank God, he had lost no time, for the postmaster was already in the doorway, testing the bolts of the main door.

Gopal advanced with an ingratiating smile.

"This is going to the city," he said to the postmaster, placing the parcel on the counter. "It must go soon, for my son is in need."

The postmaster sauntered over to the counter and weighed the thing in his hand, and, shaking his head, said: "This week's post has already left."

"Indeed, it cannot have," protested Gopal. "Our Town Clerk Sadasiv said it would not leave until tomorrow morning."

"How can your Town Clerk know anything about post offices? Is he the postmaster or am I?" The postmaster returned the parcel to Gopal.

Out on the street Gopal spied a postman returning with the day's collection of mail. Gopal wondered if he could pluck up enough courage to inquire whether the post had really left. Would he, Gopal, be snubbed for pestering him? Would the postman go in and tell the postmaster?

At the last moment Gopal approached the man. "Hey, postwalla," he said, his heart beating fast, "has the post left?"

The postman replied civilly, much to Gopal's surprise. "Yes, it has."

There it was; he needed no further assurance that the post had left, and his parcel was destined to go the following week.

"Is it an important letter?" asked the postman.

"Very important indeed," replied Gopal.

"Then why not send it by wire?"

"Wire?" asked Gopal incredulously, "What's a wire?"

"It takes a message to its destination

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

within an hour," explained the postman. "The service costs more, though."

"Aye, but wire!" Gopal's astonishment was genuine.

THE POSTMAN led Gopal to the other side of the road and showed him the strings of wire carried over high metal poles that started from the post office, entered the country, and disappeared at the horizon. "It is carried over that," the postman said, walking away.

Gopal contemplated. A wire was a new thing to him, but it had been brought to his notice in the nick of time. It was going to solve his problem. A wire, indeed, a wire!

He looked worshipfully at the gray metal pillars. Yes, he would send the parcel by wire, whatever happened. But the postman had said it would cost more, and where was he to get all that money from? Never mind, he was prepared to cheat the post office. Resolutely he began walking away from the town to conduct his operations where there was no chance that anyone would see him.

The girth of the telegraph pole was small and its surface was smooth. But Gopal was a practiced tree climber. He tightened his dhoti, tightened his turban, held the parcel under his arm, and began scaling the pole.

Panting, he managed to reach the crossbar where the wires were wound around white china cylinders. He sat there precariously, took the parcel from under his arm, and tied it carefully to one of the strings. Then, without pausing for rest, he slipped down and hurried to the town. Now the parcel would go by wire and reach his son within an hour. The postman had said that this would be so.

HE STOPPED in the town for the night. At first he felt happy and elated, but later on his mind was assailed with doubt. Could things really be carried by the wire? He had studied the strands carefully and had found them to be very thin. Could the parcel go through them? Could he go to the field and see what had happened? But it was too late to be out at that time of the night.

Next morning Gopal could hardly contain himself. So impatient had he become that he did half the journey running. Gradually the pole came into view. He could also see its top. To his surprise and consternation he saw the parcel still dangling from the wire.

He tightened his dhoti and turban and climbed the pole. He reached the crossbars and lunged forward to snatch the parcel, when he saw that it was a parcel all right, but a different one, tied in a dirty old rag. He loosed its knot, tucked it under his arm, and slid down. Opening it, he found an old pair of sandals and a brief letter written in pencil.

It was the letter that made all the difference; otherwise Gopal would have flung the thing in the nearest hedge and returned home cursing.

At the post office a row of professional letter writers were squatting along the wall.

"Read me this letter," he asked one of them, handing him the note and seating himself beside him.

THE LETTER WRITER tucked his penholder behind his ear, unfolded the greasy paper, and began reading:

"To Gopal Mali his son Pandu Mali sends his Ram Ram. I got the new pair of sandals. Yes, the roads in the city are long and wore out my old pair. This new pair is pleasing and I like the fancy pattern on it. Herewith I am sending back my old pair which please keep." #

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coal Fights to Come Back

The industry's future seems secure, even if its present is rather shaky

HARTLEY HOWE

THE NEXT TIME you come across a real steam locomotive standing among efficiently muttering diesels, take a good long look. This past January, American railroads put 219 new locomotives into service. One was a steamer; the other 218 were diesels. There are fewer steam locomotives every week; as fast as they wear out, diesels replace them.

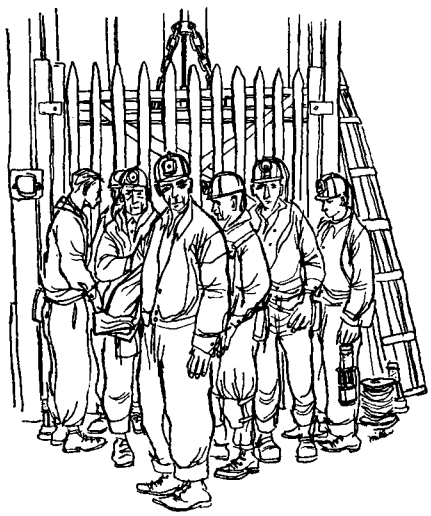
There's another type of locomotive set up in a shop at Dunkirk, New York, on the shore of Lake Erie. Lacking wheels, cab, or shell, it doesn't look much like a locomotive—just a complicated mass of machinery set upon a test bed. But this is a gas turbine, carefully planned to fit into the frame of a locomotive. Its designers hope it will be on the rails next year. This engine has one thing in common with the vanishing steamer, one thing that sets it apart from the conquering diesels: It burns coal.

This pair, the locomotive that's disappearing and the locomotive that hasn't arrived, are, if you like, symbols of the present condition of the American coal industry. Coal's old markets—many of them—are disappearing like the coal-burning steam locomotives. Its new uses, such as the coal-burning gas-turbine locomotive, depend on research, and they haven't quite materialized.

Coal's future is, of course, of vital concern to the 400,000 men who mine it—a small part of our total labor force, although highly specialized in skill. But that future is also of particular importance to the country as a whole. The distinctive success of the American economy owes much to cheap sources of energy. Nearly half the coal in the world lies under the United States; coal was the original source of the power that built our industrial strength and tomorrow it may be our only source of fuel.

The Dwindling Market

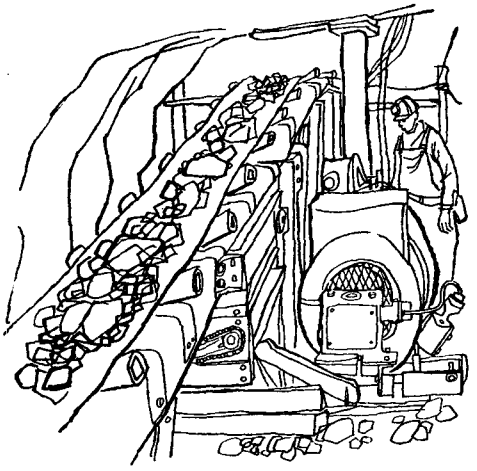
At present, to be sure, the budding defense program seems likely to create a market for all the energy our various fuels can provide. But until last June it was clear that the coal industry was continuing to lose ground in the American fuel market. If the present armament crisis passes without actual war, coal will once again be shoved into a back seat. In the past thirty years, coal's share of the American fuel and power market has dropped from more than eighty-three per cent to less than fifty. Not even the Second World War, which probably burned up a billion and a half tons of American coal, reversed the movement. And it has not been just a drop in percentages. With some 45 million more people than in 1920, the United States in 1949 actually used 70 million tons less coal. Considering that hard coal consumption has been running only about ten per cent that of soft, anthracite dropped even more sharply: from 86 to 38 million tons in the same period.

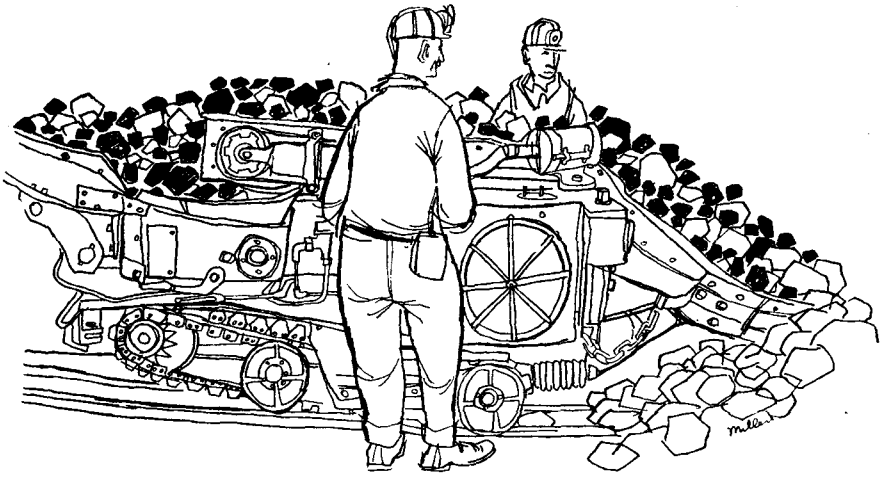


It's not hard to find the villains of the piece from the coal industry's viewpoint. Offering power and heat that are cleaner, more easily controlled, and in some applications cheaper, oil and natural gas have been taking an ever larger share of the market. Their competition was particularly deadly because it coincided with the struggle of the coal miners to raise their craft from a sweated industry to one of the best paying in the country. The miners have succeeded: In 1948 their annual pay was $3,387, more than $500 above the national average for gainfully employed persons, and a jump of 209 per cent over the 1935-1939 average. But higher pay has meant more expensive coal, and the strikes, "holidays," and lockouts that marked the battle have repeatedly left consumers with empty bunkers and with an oil-equipment salesman right at the door.

The railroads, one of five markets of almost equal importance to the coal industry, have used a smaller percentage of coal each year since 1936, until in 1949 the figure had fallen from eighty-one to less than forty-three per cent. Another market, heating, has also seen a big drop in the use of coal: In the same period the residential and commercial use of coal fell from fifty-nine to less than thirty-five per cent of an ever-growing total fuel consumption. The electric utilities, which generated eighty-eight per cent of their fuel-based power with coal in 1920, used less than sixty-eight per cent in 1949. The "other-industries" cate-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





gory of customers—all industries except coke, gas, cement, oil refining, and steel and rolling mills—reduced their consumption from 256 million tons of soft coal in 1920 to 84 million in 1949. Only the coke industry showed a rise—a dubious victory, since coal is the only source of coke anyway.

Faced with these mournful statistics, labor, management, and government have all tried their hands at doctoring the sick industry. In the depth of the depression, the contribution of government and industry was the Guffey Act, eventually declared unconstitutional, which tried to keep prices up by controlling production, and the Bituminous Coal Act, which died a natural death in 1943. More recently, labor, in the person of John L. Lewis, had its try at limiting production with the union-enforced three-day work week. If the post-rearmament era sees coal sales slump again, these palliatives may again be proposed. Essentially, however, such remedies merely offer means for an orderly division of what dwindling markets are left. Coal's real hope must lie in overcoming the competitive factors that lie at the bottom of the industry's troubles. Only by lowering costs, developing a better product, enlivening old markets, and finding new ones will coal have a chance to hold its competitive position in the nation's economy.

The Search for Remedies

Following the classic American formula, coal researchers are trying to cut costs by substituting machines for men. Mining coal underground is traditionally a cycle of operations like fishing or farming rather than a continuous process like assembly-line manufacturing. The miner drills the face of the coal for his explosive charge, undercuts it to aid the fall, sets off the charge, then loads the fallen coal into cars. As he advances farther into the seam, he must stop to prop up the roof of the tunnel. Behind him the coal must be first carried to the shaft, then lifted to the surface.

All these operations have now been mechanized, starting with the narrow-gauge railways that long ago replaced the mules and pit ponies in hauling coal. Machine cutters, increasing production five hundred pounds a day for every man around the mine, came next; today they are used on ninety per cent of underground coal. In the past twenty-five years, the final step has been mechanized: Machines now load more than two-thirds of all coal.

As a result of this step-by-step mechanization, the number of U. S. miners has fallen steadily, while the amount of coal mined per man per day has risen to the highest level in the world. In 1948 it stood at 5.31 tons for underground mines, about four times the output of British miners, and almost as much coal as a Japanese miner cuts out in a month.

But as long as mining remains a step-by-step process, there is a limit to the savings that machines can produce. Now, however, new machines can take the final step and make underground soft-coal mining a continuous operation. These machines—there are at least five of them in various stages of development and production in this country, as well as others abroad—eliminate the whole cycle of cutting, drilling, and blasting. Instead, the coal is ripped mechanically from the seam by endless chains or rotating teeth and passed back automatically to mechanical loaders that tag along behind. Crawling on endless tracks, the machines gnaw ahead relentlessly. When used with mechanical timbering machines or a new method that pins up the tunnel ceiling with bolts, these machines can get out coal at the amazing rate of from two to five tons a minute. Output per man-day, according to the makers of these machines, would climb to a hundred tons.

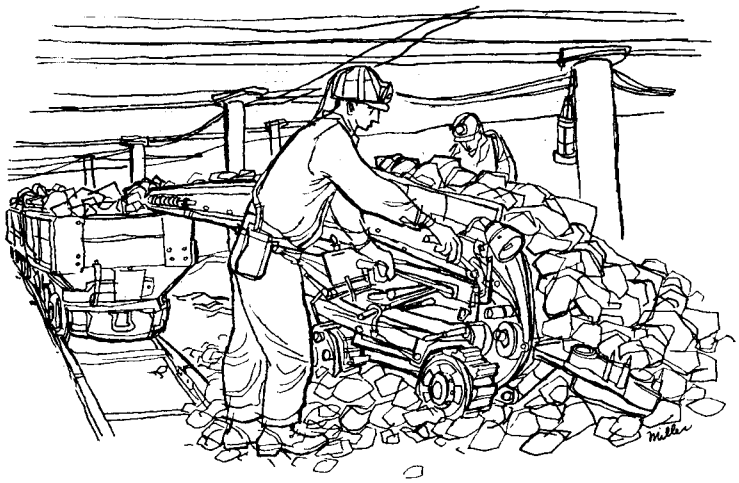
In fact, these machines mine so fast that a major problem is removal of the mined coal they throw over their shoulders. The best solution seems to be belt conveyors, which can carry the coal not only away from the face of the working but right up to the surface. A belt recently installed in an Illinois mine delivers 1,200 tons of coal an hour to the surface.

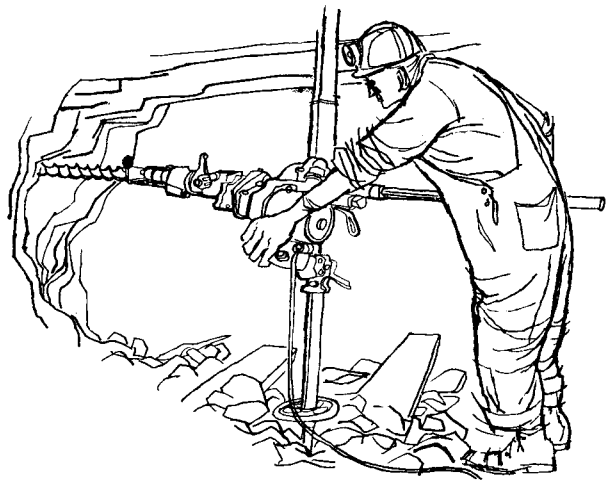
Mechanization—No Panacea

But mechanization offers mine owners problems as well as profits. For one thing, the coal comes out in smaller—and less desirable—sizes. And since the machines mine rocks as cheerfully as they do coal, more elaborate separation and cleaning plants are required. Continuous mining demands exact timing of the whole operation until the coal is delivered at the surface. If there is a hitch anywhere or if one element breaks down, the whole process comes to a halt. Then too, all the continuous coal machines are extremely expensive and hence require major new investments of capital.

What will happen to the coal miners if the continuous machines take over their jobs is a problem in itself. So far, the United Mine Workers has not pro-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





tested mechanization, probably because its leaders believe that it will come slowly enough to permit the absorption of the displaced miners elsewhere, in part perhaps because there appears to be a natural decline in the mine-labor supply as the younger generation drifts away to jobs aboveground, and in part also because the miners can see plainly that the future health of the whole industry may depend on success in slashing production costs. Nevertheless it remains to be seen what labor's attitude will be if continuous mining spreads throughout the industry.

At best, mechanization alone can't solve the cost problem. Half the cost of a ton of coal at the market has gone to bring it from the mine. That is why operators are watching with interest the plans of Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Company to mix coal and water into a slurry that can be pumped through a pipe. If a pilot plant under construction proves successful, the next step will be a coal pipeline across Ohio. Continuous belts are another possible solution: Belts already carry coal considerable distances from mineheads to railroads. A third approach, still in the suggestion stage, would be to pulverize the coal and blow it through a pipe by air pressure.

Any one of these methods might bring coal's transportation costs down toward those of oil and gas. And any one of them would bring consternation to the eight or so major coal-carrying railroads.

Man-Made Gehenna

The coal roads will be just as badly off if another, even more radical approach to the problem gets out of the experimental stage: using coal right where it lies without mining it at all. In a man-made Gehenna, the coal seam is set alight with thermite grenades, having first been cut off from the rest of the deposit. Air blown through control tunnels maintains the draft so that the coal burns at just the right speed and temperature to generate gas, which is drawn off through chimneys. At the surface the gas is ready to be burned on the spot by the new type of gas-turbine power plant to generate electric power.

Underground gasification not only short-circuits the entire mining operation but makes it theoretically possible to utilize seams too thin, too tilted, or too low in thermal quality to justify ordinary mining. Russia, with plenty of low-grade coal and a vast need for power, has been among the foremost in trying this process. The 1946-1950 Five-Year Plan called for 920 million cubic meters of gas, the equivalent of a quarter million tons of coal, produced by underground burning. France and Belgium are also experimenting with the process.

In the long run, anything that makes coal cheaper will help it win back the domestic heating market. But here price has been less important than other factors. It is the cleanliness and convenience of oil and gas, and the ease with which they can be adapted to automatic control, that sell them to householders. In this field, therefore, the industry's research is concentrating on making coal at least the equal of its competitors in convenience. The newest automatic hard-coal heaters keep the smut off the curtains, reach a phenomenal eighty per cent efficiency in heating, and are automatic from the delivery of the coal right through dumping the ashes. The ash cans still have to be carried out and emptied, but the furnace specialists are working on ways to deliver the ashes automatically to where the ash man will pick them up.

What research can do in improving the efficiency of the end use of coal has been dramatically shown in the power-generation field. Here coal, although losing some ground, has come far closer to holding its own. It took three pounds of coal to produce a kilowatt-hour of electricity in 1920; today it takes but a pound and a quarter, and the most efficient plants require less than a pound.

Similar research in the railroad field, where coal has suffered its greatest defeat, resulted in much more efficient steam locomotives, but the low operating and maintenance costs of the diesel have kept it ahead. The hopes of the coal industry in the railroad field are pinned, therefore, not on better steam locomotives but on a radically different way of using coal to drive an engine —the coal-burning gas turbine.

Gas-turbine locomotives that burn oil are the newest thing in railroading. They offer many advantages—simple construction, high efficiency, economical operation, very low maintenance costs. With such assets, a coal-burning gas turbine might well mean a comeback for coal in this important market. The Locomotive Development Committee, a joint project of the coal-carrying railroads and the coal industry, has succeeded in building a plant that grinds the coal and blows it into the combustion chamber. The real problem is the ash that is left in the hot combustion gases. Tiny though these particles

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are, they tend to wear away the blades of the turbine. An ingenious ash trap has now been devised at Dunkirk. The researchers hope this problem is licked, and the new locomotive will soon grow wheels. If it lives up to the prediction that it will cost $50,000 less a year to run than a diesel of the same power, it will really put coal back into railroading.

Taking the Offensive

All this research has been defensive—attempts to regain lost markets. But in one area, coal hopes to win a share of a field that has been held exclusively by petroleum—liquid fuels. Gasoline is being made from coal today. So far, the cost is above that of regular gasoline, but the difference is not hopelessly large. Coal and petroleum are basically similar; the problem is to make them identical by changing the ratio of hydrogen and carbon atoms in the coal molecule. There are two distinct processes, both under test in pilot plants operated by the U.S. Bureau of Mines near Louisiana, Missouri. The Fischer-Tropsch method starts with a gas such as is already manufactured for heating. Heated in the presence of a catalyst, this gas forms hydrocarbons—the raw materials for petroleum products, including, of course, gasoline. A major problem is to make gas cheaply enough: The domestic production now is far too costly, and all of it would make but 16,000 barrels of motor fuels a day. Cheaper gas would not only hasten the day of coal-based gasoline but could also provide low-cost household gas.

The other synthetic process, hydrogenation, takes a coal mush, adds a catalyst, and heats it in the presence of hydrogen. The process must be done in batches, so that it is slow and costly, but it is flexible, turning out a variety of petroleum products as needed. Secretary of the Interior Oscar Chapman has urged private industry to build one or two hydrogenation plants at once with government help. Declaring that little financial risk is involved, he describes failure to build a synthetic-fuels industry as closing "our eyes and minds to our own resources at a time when they are critically needed."

Impoverished Heir

For the significance of these operations goes far beyond the competitive efforts of the coal industry. The cost of petroleum is bound to rise as our oil reserves dwindle. When petroleum costs reach some as yet undetermined point, then coal will come into its own, even if its other efforts have not succeeded in winning back its markets. The coal industry is really in the position of the heir to a great fortune who knows that while he must struggle now, some day he will be rich. But what the coal industry worries about is keeping healthy until the great day comes. #

The Marines: Force in Readiness

They respond with equal speed to criticism at home or to military necessity abroad

JOHN B. SPORE

THE FEARS for the future of their corps now being expressed by many Marines and ex-Marines are hard to understand. Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois, an ex-Marine who usually has a calm approach to things, complained recently that even if his bill to give the Marine Corps a statutory strength of four divisions and four air wings became law, it would still be possible for the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Secretary of Defense to "thwart the law by forcing changes in the organization and functions upon the Marine Corps, and by decreasing the size of a Marine division and air wing."

The bill was necessary, Douglas said, because it is "evident that the background of the Joint Chief of Staff and of the leaders in the Defense Department is one which will not by itself provide for an effective Marine Corps. When this is taken in conjunction with the known fact that the probable attitude of the Commander-in-Chief of our Armed Forces is fairly well known, it is clear why the Marine Corps is not being permitted to expand . . ."

There are Army officers who discount the role of the Marine Corps and think it has grown too big for its breeches. But such strong obsession with real or fancied dangers seems hardly becoming to a Senator like Douglas or to the Marine Corps itself, whose men have a firmer and deeper hold on the admiration and affection of the American people than the wearers of any other American uniform.

That hold was clearly evidenced by the numbers of Senators and Congressmen who jumped on the band wagon as co-sponsors of the legislation introduced by Douglas. Forty-three Senators besides Douglas signed his bill, and sixty-five Representatives underwrote the companion measure introduced in the House. The bill sailed

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through the Senate Armed Services Committee without a hitch and was overwhelmingly approved by the Senate. The victory was only a little less than complete: The bill was amended to make the Commandant of the Marine Corps a consultant to, rather than a member of, the Joint Chiefs. Also, a floor (and a ceiling) on the peacetime strength of the corps undoubtedly will be included when the House gets to the companion measure.

Inferiority Complex?

Why, with that kind of vote of confidence, Marines should be constantly detecting sinister machinations in every move of their sister services is an interesting question. The answer lies partly in attitudes and emotions, partly in history and tradition.

An Army reserve officer who lives in Washington not long ago explained part of it:

"Marines simply can't stand the thought of being considered ordinary capable fighting men," he said. "They were kicked around for so long by the Navy that they can't believe they amount to a damn unless they hear someone saying that they are supermen. So they put on an exhibition of braggadocio that rates them as the possessors of the oldest and deepest inferiority complex in Washington."

A Marine officer to whom that observation was relayed agreed that the theory had some validity. "It is quite possible that we do have an inferiority complex," he said. "But what is it about us that makes some Army officers become so furious? I'll tell you what it is. The reputation we have goads them into a frenzy. They cannot stand the thought of a bunch of seagoing soldiers being considered superior to the Army. And it is utterly ridiculous when you think of it. It has happened to the marines of no other nation. But it happened to us.

"If you could get these two extremes under control—the Marine who can't believe he is any good unless there is a newsreel saying so in extravagant terms, and the soldier goaded into a frenzy at the thought of our reputation —you'll be well along towards solving the difficulties that now divide us.

"Actually, the division isn't great, and it is mostly in Washington, where the big battles for appropriations are fought. Out in the field, as in Korea, the Army and Marines usually get along fine. Marines expect to serve under high Army command in such campaigns. We are not organized for such large-scale operations. We don't have the logistical facilities or the command setup.

"And that's the way it should be. We shouldn't be too big. Our size is the source of much of our strength. The Marine Corps is in greater danger from its friends who want to see it get bigger than its enemies who see it as a second Army."

Eisenhower's Gaffe

To the Marine Corps and its friends, the villain is the Army General Staff, which, they claim, wants to "destroy" the corps. The "evidence" for this charge is a memorandum written in 1946 by General Dwight D. Eisenhower, then Army Chief of Staff, to Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, then Chief of Naval Operations. In his memorandum, General Eisenhower made certain specific proposals affecting the Marine Corps. The conduct of land warfare, he pointed out, "is a responsibility of the Army. Operationally, the Navy does not belong on land . . ." But there was, he went on, "a real need for one service to be charged with the responsibility for initially bridging the gap between the sailor on the ship and the soldier on land." This gap, Eisenhower

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said, could be filled by the Marine Corps. He then described the duties and missions of the corps, and the type of organization that would be required to perform them:

"The need of a force within the fleet to provide small readily available and lightly armed units to protect United States interests ashore in foreign countries is recognized. These functions, together with that of interior guard of naval ships and naval shore establishments, comprise the fundamental role of the Marine Corps. When naval forces are involved in operations requiring land forces of combined arms, the task becomes a joint land-sea, and usually Air Force, mission. Once Marine units attain such a size as to require the combining of arms to accomplish their missions, they are assuming and duplicating the functions of the Army and we have in effect two land armies. I therefore recommend that the above concept be accepted as stating the role of the Marine Corps and that Marine units not exceed the regiment in size, and that the size of the Marine Corps be made consistent with the foregoing principles."

When this memorandum became public in 1947, it shocked Marines from Montezuma to Tripoli, and their anguish and bitter indignation have never abated. The logic of General Eisenhower's position escaped them. In their fury they concluded that he and the Joint Chiefs of Staff wanted to abolish the Marine Corps. They reacted with vigor, and Congress soon saw the light. The corps' mission and role were written into the Unification Law. But that was not enough. The Marines' strength and position had to be legally established so far as possible. Hence the double-barreled Douglas bill. The Marines' peacetime strength will be four divisions and four air wings. Representation on the Joint Chiefs of Staff will give them a token independence of the Navy, and perhaps real autonomy.

Orderly military structure, the tidy balancing of mission, and the means to perform it were all on Eisenhower's side. But the American people, who sometimes distrust "military efficiency," were with the Marines.

The objections of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and Secretary of Defense George C. Marshall had little effect. Strangely enough, the Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Forrest L. Sherman, provided about the only effective counterfire.

The Navy's Objections

To establish Marine Corps strength at four divisions and four air wings, the old "rule of five," which had established Marine Corps strength at one-fifth of Navy strength, had to go by the board. As Admiral Sherman observed, the bill "would fix both a floor and a ceiling in a manner established by law for no other service. It would abandon the principle of relating the size of the Marine Corps to the size of the Navy." This would require the Navy to allot an overlarge part of its resources to supporting and servicing the Marine Corps. "In a normal year the Navy would not have enough left in its budget to maintain the amphibious lift for the four divisions required by this

measure. The Navy, as such, would be completely absorbed," Admiral Sherman testified. He pointed out that the estimated annual direct cost of the four-division Marine Corps would be $3.361 billion at present prices, while the entire Navy obligating authority for fiscal 1950 was $4.111 billion—only 22.3 per cent more.

If the Marine Corps is so organized, Admiral Sherman said, it will be necessary to add 496 ships to the fleet to furnish the amphibious lift required for the additional force. This will be two hundred more ships "than it is planned to operate during the fiscal year 1952."

Such imbalance, Secretary Marshall wrote, would "effect a distortion of the entire pattern of planning and logistical support for the Naval establishment as a whole."

But Marshall and Sherman were talking against the wind.

Amphibians

In any discussion of the place of the Marine Corps in the national military establishment, it is useful to make the flat statement that there is nothing the Marine Corps can do that the Army cannot do too. The Marines have specialized in amphibious operations, and yet in the Second World War the Army made fifty-eight of the sixty-one major amphibious landings. The Marine Corps participated in fourteen. The Marines are rightly credited with largely developing the doctrines that made these amphibious operations possible. But at the Infantry School at Fort Benning and elsewhere in the Army, amphibious operations were by no means totally neglected between the two world wars. The Army, charged with developing tactical, logistical, and command doctrines for all forms of land warfare, could not, of course, emphasize amphibious operations the way the Marines could.

There are critics who hold that the Marines' continuing emphasis on amphibious operations today is unrealistic adherence to the past. "It was no secret back in the 1920's and 1930's that the Japanese were a real threat to us and that we would have to fight them sooner or later," one Army man observed recently. "The Marines should be credited with using good ordinary common sense in working hard on amphibious operations in that period. But are they being as sensible now? When General Bradley said that the threat of the atomic bomb precludes another amphibious operation the size of the Normandy landing, he wasn't, of course, completely discounting all amphibious operations. But it is hard to see how small ones could be decisive or even very useful in a war against a continental power like the Soviet Union. Some people grabbed onto the Inchon end run in Korea last September to prove that Bradley was wrong and the Marines were right. But are

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Senator Douglas

we always going to fight on a peninsula?"

Popular Appeal

An opinion widely shared in the Army holds that the real glory of the Marines is their operation of a masterful public-relations organization. Marines snort at this. "Our public relations are horrible," a Marine regular once told me. "They don't know what they are doing, and when they do something nine times out of ten they do it in the worst possible way. The only reason we get a good press is because the nation is sold on us, despite the worst efforts of our information people."

A former Marine Corps combat correspondent, now a free-lance author, also insists that the Marine Corps' public relations was inferior to the Army's. "I saw Army public relations in action in General MacArthur's headquarters in Australia during the war, and it was so much better than the Marines' that it almost made me sick."

Then what does account for the corps' vast popularity and for its unquestioned high combat efficiency? Senator Douglas says it is above all the *training*:

"The quality of the Marine Corps does not depend in major part upon the quality of man who enters the Marine Corps. I think the average man who enters the Marine Corps is about the same as the average man who enters the other branches of our Services, but we do pride ourselves on giving training in conditioning of hardship and expecting self-sacrifice, and expecting men to suffer casualties. That makes a tremendous appeal to people. It is the best morale builder there is. I think what happens to men happens after they come in the Corps."

The Odd Ducks

A Marine lieutenant colonel at Quantico had another angle: "I think it is partly the characters we have attracted. We have had a lot of odd ducks who catch the public fancy. Smedley Butler was the best known. Actually, there are a lot of individualists in the corps and it has always been small enough to give them room to exhibit their eccentricities. I hope it always will be."

If, then, the Marine Corps' hold on the affections of the American people is due to the type of man it attracts, to the training it gives him, and to the *esprit de corps* it can instill in him, why can't the Army do the same?

The Army has had its odd characters and heroes: Terry Allen, Teddy Roosevelt, Jr., "Mike" Michaelis, "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell. But the traits or actions for which they were known and admired are not transmitted to the

Admiral Sherman

General Eisenhower

Army as a whole. The Army has a tough training grind for combat units. Perhaps its many noncombatants make the difference. The very size of the Army requires it to have many men in uniform performing essential technical tasks that have no more to do with combat than the student manager has to do with the victories of the school's football team.

'Semper Paratus'

The Marines, of course, are certainly here to stay.

A good thing too, a West Point-trained Army officer said to me not long ago: "As long as the Army has to do all the noncombatant jobs that have been thrust upon it—occupation duties, military missions to our Allies, river and harbor construction, reserve-officer and National Guard instructorships and inspections, weapons and equipment developments and tests, all of the hundreds of things that have nothing to do with keeping in combat trim—we'll need a force that is always ready.

"Sure, the Army had one, maybe two, divisions ready to fight last June, but they were strategic reserve and weren't sent to Korea. If we'd had two full-strength Marine divisions then, we could have done a lot more. That's the time we need Marines—when the fighting breaks out. After the Army is mobilized and gets rolling you could send the Marines home and forget about them. But I hope we always have them in peacetime. They are real insurance." #

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Congress and the Children

By slashing UNICEF's appropriations, we may sacrifice several million more Asians to disease

MAYA PINES

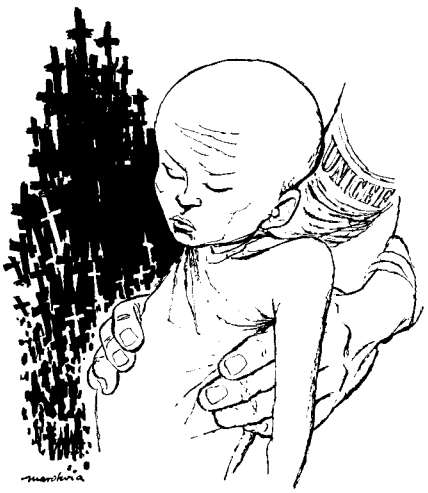
IN AN "ECONOMICAL" mood, the House and Senate last month passed a bill that would seriously weaken one of the United Nations' most successful agencies—an agency that depends heavily on American support: the U.N. International Children's Emergency Fund (UNICEF). Instead of granting it $15 million, which was authorized last year, or even $12.5 million, as President Truman requested this spring, Congress came up with $5.75 million.

What this cut means to the Children's Fund is best shown by such figures as these: With ten cents' worth of DDT, a child can be protected from malaria for a year. Less than fifteen cents will immunize him against tuberculosis. Twenty cents will buy enough penicillin to cure a young victim of yaws, a disease worse than leprosy, almost overnight. The withheld funds would have given new hope and health to millions among those two-thirds of the world's children born in underdeveloped countries.

For the past year, UNICEF, which was established in 1946 as an agency to aid European children, has provided both technical advice and vital supplies for a long-range child health program in Asia. It has helped organize "health demonstration areas," in India, where fifty million children—more than the entire child population of the United States—suffer from malaria; in Indonesia, where the festering ulcers of yaws have crippled generations; in Thailand and many other parts of Asia.

One of the Fund's most dramatic achievements has been its campaign against yaws, which got out of control in Indonesia during the Japanese occupation. Yaws in its advanced stages eats away the flesh of its victims, leaving a hole where the nose once was, or causing fingers and toes to drop off. Wherever the disease strikes, eighty per cent of the active cases are children. Many of them have the painful "crab yaws"—ulcers on their soles which force them to walk crablike on the sides of their feet. In May, 1950, UNICEF launched a drive to examine twelve million persons and give over two million of them the penicillin shots that kill the yaws germ within twenty-four hours, heal new sores, and prevent the spread of infection.

This project has so far required the services of only two medical experts from the World Health Organization



(which aids UNICEF but is, of course, an entirely separate agency). Nearly all of the $1.2 million earmarked for it will be used to purchase supplies. The Indonesian government itself, in accordance with UNICEF's "matching" clause, is contributing at least as much as it gets, in the way of teams of health workers, drivers, gasoline, and other local expense items. Also, it is paying for the treatment of adults. When the Fund's demonstration program comes to a close next year, the government will take over and run mobile health units on a permanent basis.

The Disease-Hunger Cycle

Along with UNICEF's new emphasis on Asia and other underdeveloped areas has come a new conception of the Fund's mission. Confronted with enormous populations living under conditions which in Europe or the United States would be termed "submarginal," UNICEF soon realized that such measures as mass feedings or the distribution of shoes were out of the question. Instead it has decided to concentrate on fighting disease and expanding maternity and child health centers where local nurses can be trained on the job.

Many of the most serious diseases that attack Asia's millions do not kill—they merely cripple. Crippled people cannot produce food. Hungry people are easy prey for infection. This is the cycle that must be broken, and UNICEF believes that it can make a start. It points to the fifteen per cent jump in rice production that resulted from antimalaria sprayings by the World Health Organization in one area of Pakistan. Similar sprayings by the Pan-American Sanitary Bureau in Venezuela enabled the country to begin developing one of the richest iron-ore deposits in the world. By starting with the children and wiping out the diseases that sap their strength, by providing limited supplies in emergencies such as floods, earthquakes, and the Korean War, the Children's Fund believes it can slow down the disease-hunger cycle.

The new drugs developed during the Second World War can make infectious diseases a thing of the past. Next

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to food, these drugs are Asia's most urgent need, according to Dr. Berislav Borcic, medical adviser to UNICEF. Each one serves a double or triple purpose, he points out. DDT, the most effective defense against malaria, also wards off the usually fatal sand-fly disease called kala azar, and kills most of the worms that would otherwise find their way into the intestines of children —there to eat up half of whatever food they get. Penicillin, the cure for yaws, simultaneously protects babies against syphilis and treats congenital cases of that disease. It also does away with the various infections common to areas where rivers are used as sewers and laundries as well as sources of drinking water.

The 'Strategic Approach'

UNICEF's "health demonstration areas" and technical advice are all very well, but as long as the governments that start these projects depend on foreign supplies and foreign funds for their long-range health programs, the basic problem has not been tackled, Dr. Borcic stresses. The only "strategic approach," he maintains, is to assist them in building their own production facilities for penicillin, DDT, and other drugs.

India is now preparing to spend several million dollars on a penicillin production plant that will be the first in all of South Asia. This sacrifice would be useless, however, without UNICEF's contribution of $850,000 in equipment and supplies that are unobtainable in Asia. Technical assistance in building the plant will come from the World Health Organization, but here again advice alone is not enough.

Asia's only DDT factory, located in Formosa, has ceased operation. UNICEF has allocated $200,000 to Pakistan and $107,000 to Ceylon for such plants, but has had to postpone indefinitely requests from India and Indonesia for aid in building their own.

Thanks to UNICEF, the BCG (Bacillus Calmette-Guérin) serum, which breeds immunity to tuberculosis, is now produced in small quantities at a growing plant near Manila, in the Philippines. Additional equipment for BCG production is on its way to Pakistan, Ceylon, and Malaya. Indonesia, Thailand, and Burma will open factories, too, as soon as UNICEF is able to aid them.

How soon that will be—if ever—depends on the United States. So far, America has matched every twenty-eight dollars contributed by other countries with seventy-two of its own, giving a total of $75 million over four years. This sum was exhausted last December. Last summer Congress authorized an additional $15 million for U.N. aid to children, but since then has balked at spending it. The Senate has twice passed bills appropriating $12.5 million for UNICEF, and the House has twice defeated them. President Truman made a special request for this reduced contribution, which was finally included in the third supplemental appropriation bill, but it was slashed to $5.75 million.

UNICEF's Own Fever Chart

Besides the United States, forty-eight countries have contributed to the Children's Fund, several giving far more on a per capita basis. From the outset, however, America has been the backbone of the Fund. Its "matching" formula has given the poorer countries a powerful incentive to contribute to their utmost. The Soviet Union, although a member of UNICEF's twenty-six-nation Executive Board, is neither aiding nor asking for aid from the Fund, which has stopped operating in Red China and most Iron Curtain countries.

The U.N. Appeal for Children, a world-wide direct fund-raising drive, has yielded only eight per cent of UNICEF's $154 million total receipts, with Britons contributing nearly twice as much as Americans.

UNICEF has had a hard struggle for survival. It has never known from one year to the next whether it would continue to exist, let along get enough money to be effective. Last summer the United States tried to block extension of UNICEF on the theory that the emergency for which it had been set up was over, and that the other U.N. specialized agencies could include children in their long-range technical assistance programs. Then the rich countries fought the poor ones over a tentative policy for the Fund: Should it be limited to technical assistance and demonstrations, as the United States wished, or should it include shipments of supplies? Finally, in December, 1950, by unanimous vote of the General Assembly, UNICEF won a three-year extension, with the prospect of becoming permanent at the end of that time. This settled all the young organization's problems except that of funds.

The money appropriated by Congress last month covers only the first half of 1951, and a bill authorizing another contribution of $12 million is expected to be considered later. The recent hundred per cent increase in the price of DDT, resulting from a world-wide shortage, points up the danger of waiting too long. Nearly all of the wonder drugs and insecticides needed are now manufactured in the United States. None of the countries undertaking such programs have dollars to pay for supplies—not even at last year's prices. Yet unless a steady flow of drugs can be maintained, most of the demonstration programs and training projects will have been in vain. #

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *As this article indicates, the work of* UNICEF *cannot continue on its present scale unless that organization soon gets increased financial support. Every dollar that* UNICEF *receives, from whatever source, can help a child abroad. Direct contributions may be sent to the U.N. International Children's Emergency Fund, United Nations, New York.*)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World of ON-5

An account of one patient's ten days in a psychiatric ward at Bellevue

SEAN EVERY

I RECENTLY spent ten days as a patient in Ward ON-5 of New York City's Bellevue Psychiatric Hospital. I can't honestly recommend the experience to anyone, but I can say that ON-5 is an extremely interesting place, and that for my part I wouldn't have missed those ten days. I learned a lot there.

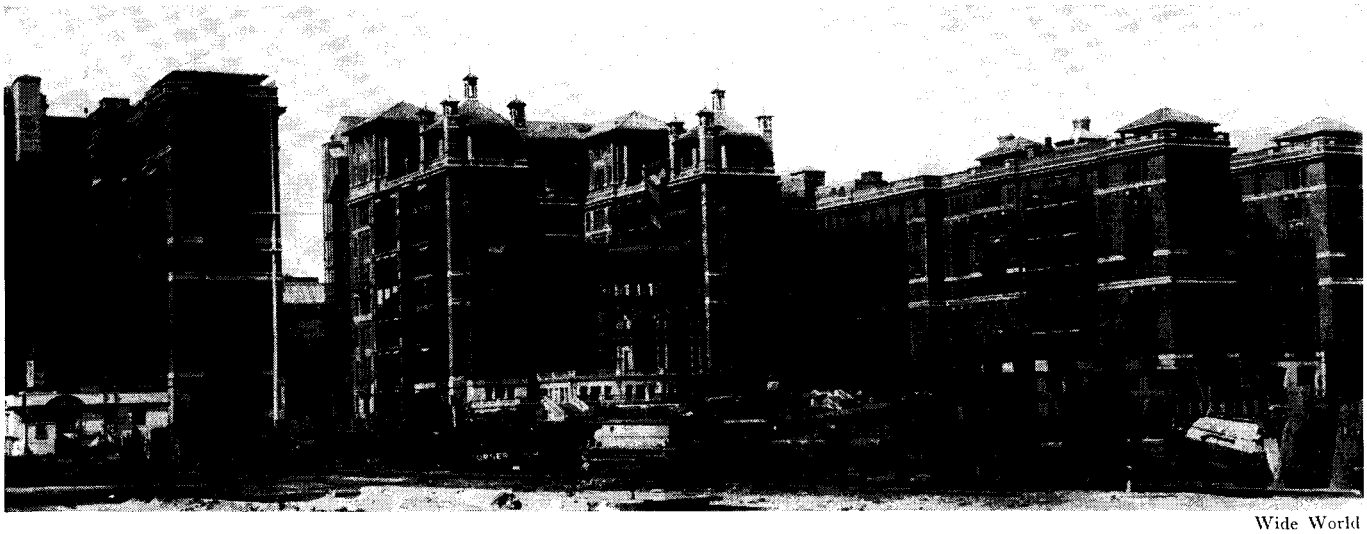
The hospital itself serves entirely for observation purposes and does not give any type of mental therapy. Patients come to the hospital at the instance of their families, their doctors, the police, social-service agencies, or sometimes of their own volition when they are in what is called a "disturbed" condition. They are held at Bellevue for about ten days while they are examined by psychiatrists who try to diagnose their troubles and decide whether they should be allowed to return home or should be committed to another hospital (usually a state institution) for further examination or treatment. A majority of the Bellevue patients are so committed.

The Ward

ON-5 is reserved for male patients over sixteen who are not violent, physically ill, or under arrest. Before I went to stay there, my ideas about mental hospitals were on the nightmarish and Gothic side, compounded of what I could remember of books like *The Snake Pit* and exposés of the shocking conditions in some hospitals. These ideas, plus the straight atavistic fear of insanity that pads along behind us all, made a mental hospital a straight horror to me. ON-5 wiped out that horror, but it left me with knowledge that was in some ways even more disturbing than my fear.

Physically, ON-5 is the west wing of the fifth floor of the hospital at the corner of First Avenue and 30th Street, and is neither more nor less terrifying than any other institutional interior—say an old-fashioned school dormitory or a section of a Washington office building. The ward is a U-shaped corridor, 118 paces in length, off which open a number of rooms. It is drab to the point of invisibility, with composition tile floors, terrazzo wainscoting, and neutral plaster walls and ceiling. The windows are not barred; they are translucent glass casements that can be opened about halfway by a removable crank and are protected on the inside by heavy locked screens.

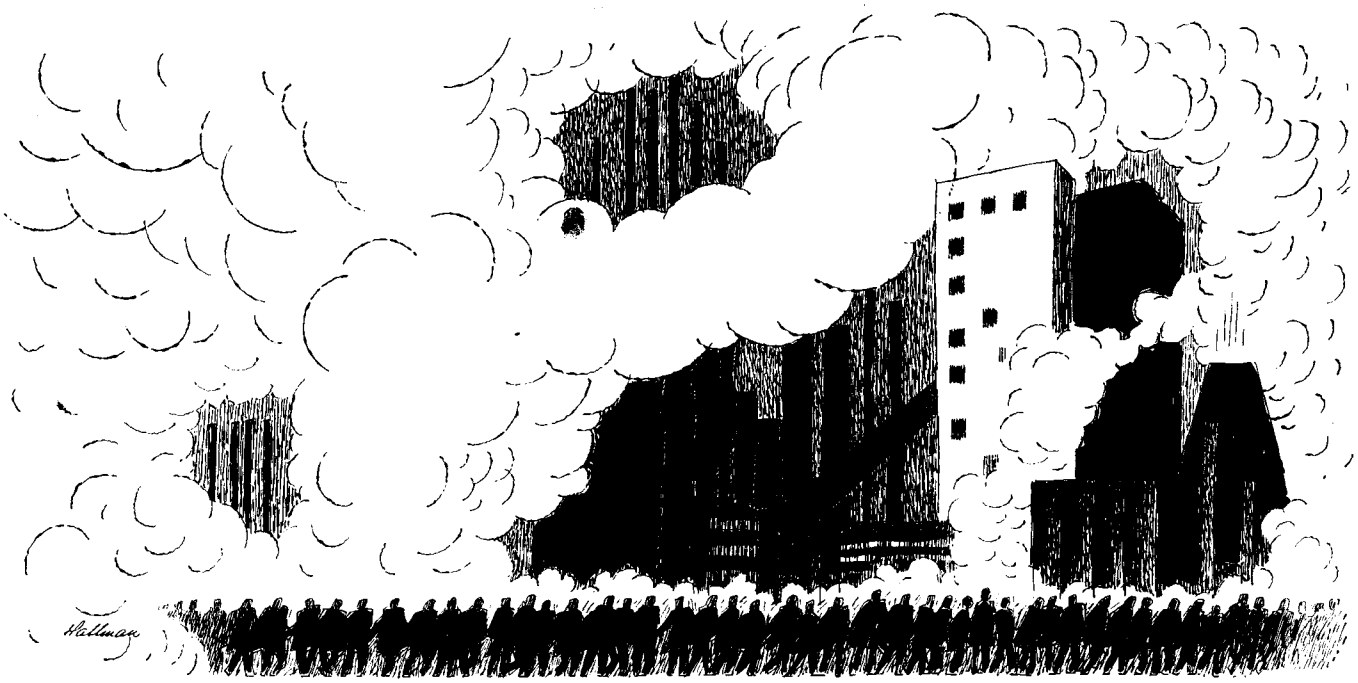
At either end of the corridor is a



Wide World

Bellevue Hospital, New York, from the East River

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



large oblong "day room" usually set up at night with folding cots because the ward is crowded. Smaller rooms, toilets, and bathrooms open off the corridor along the arms of the U, and at the corners are large twenty-bed wards used only for sleeping and closed in the daytime. The rooms off the center section of the U are doctors' and nurses' offices and the service kitchen. At the very center is a large dining hall, which is also used for doctors' interviews with patients, for small medical-school classes, for visitors three hours each week, and as a social room for the patients. It is furnished with light chairs and tables, and heavy wooden benches. Similar chairs and benches are scattered irregularly along the length of the corridor, and are the only furnishings of ON-5 except for the beds, the office furniture, and one table radio.

The Door

The dining hall is very much the social center of the ward and is made especially attractive because it contains the locked door that leads to the elevators and the outside. Through this door all patients enter the ward; through it they all depart. Thus, in a way, the door is the absolute center of the life of ON-5, and every patient is conscious of it at all times. Some stare at it frankly, or even plaster their faces for minutes at a time against the crack of light from the hall outside. More watch it out of the corners of their eyes, or glance at it every few minutes, or walk up and down the corridors and look at it as they pass. But for fifteen hours a day someone is always watching the door, and if no attendant happens to be on hand and the bell rings there is always someone to shout, "The door! Let 'em in!"

Even though the door is such a naked symbol of freedom and the outside world, watching it does not give you claustrophobia. Looking out the windows at slices of First Avenue or the East River does. In ON-5 you seldom look out the window unless you're feeling very low in your mind, and you can tell that a new patient is in a very depressed state if he spends minutes at a time staring through the half-closed casements.

All these physical details of the ward are worth noting, for the patients in ON-5 concentrate on their surroundings much more intensely than do people on the outside. The ward isn't a room or a building; it is a very small and separate country with a limited landscape. Similarly, the major events of the ward are trivial ones. To us a visitors' hour was like a world's fair. The thrice-daily arrival of the food truck had the tenseness and excitement of a big football game. A patient getting his nails trimmed and cleaned by a nurse attracted kibitzers like a building excavation. And we even watched with interest when someone moved a table or a chair.

Your first impression of ON-5, when you go there to live, is certain to be unpleasant. There is little or no violence (anyone violent "goes upstairs" to the seventh floor), but this is a world where people behave differently, where they foul themselves in public, where they weep or scream without warning, where they talk to themselves, or adopt queer expressions or postures. It is a place where any conversation may suddenly skid off into an unfathomable fifth-dimensional logic, and where the breathing of the sleeper next you is so close that it merges with yours, and his sudden groans seem to be your own.

The Uniform

The people are confusing too. One group, those with keys, sorts itself out quickly into doctors, nurses, attendants, and other help. But the other people, the constantly changing group of sixty to seventy patients, are far harder to distinguish as individuals. And they seem even more amorphous and alien because they all are dressed as you are in ill-fitting, faded pajamas, seersucker robes, and floppy cotton slippers.

For me at least, the initial disgust and fear of the world of ON-5 lasted less than two days. Others obviously felt it for longer, and a few men did

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for as long as they stayed. I noticed that the latter few were all committed to state hospitals after the regular ten-day observation period was over.

I found it impossible to be frightened in a society where easygoing kindness was the rule rather than the exception, or disgusted in a group that had its own special set of rules as obviously as any tribe of Trobrianders.

As to the matter of kindness, our experience was obviously not that of other people in other hospitals. Perhaps it is only another proof that Bellevue deserves its reputation as one of the world's very best psychiatric hospitals. On the other hand, I talked at length to other patients who had spent months or years in state and Federal mental hospitals all over the country. Their stories of bad hospitals appeared less factual than their stories of good ones, and several liked other hospitals more than they liked Bellevue.

Kindness is a vague word, perhaps too vague for the very positive humanity I am trying to describe. I watched attendants subdue a number of violent patients—perhaps ten in all—and only once did I see a scuffle as animated as the bouncing of a recalcitrant drunk from a night club. Attendants are under orders never to strike a patient; I never saw the order disobeyed. Nor did I ever hear any member of the staff raise his voice above the tone used to scold a child. Indeed, every staff member from the senior doctor down always addressed each patient as "Mr. So-and-so," or by his first name. Orders in general were few and were more reminiscent of the schoolroom than of the drill field. Perhaps even more significant was the general cheerfulness of the staff. It can't be too easy to be cheerful while pushing a group of the mentally unstable through every routine action of living from six in the morning to nine at night.

The Patients

As I began to distinguish individuals among the patients and see how they behaved, I was astonished at how well they got along together. I had never lived with any group of the size that showed so little friction. I had my own troubles, but the longer I stayed in ON-5 the more interesting it became and the more my personal fears and doubts fell into perspective. I began to study ON-5, not scientifically but with great curiosity. I spent most of my time asking questions of my fellow citizens, eavesdropping on their conversations, and, when I could, on their psychiatric examinations. I wanted to find out just what there was about the life of ON-5 that made it different from the rest of the world.

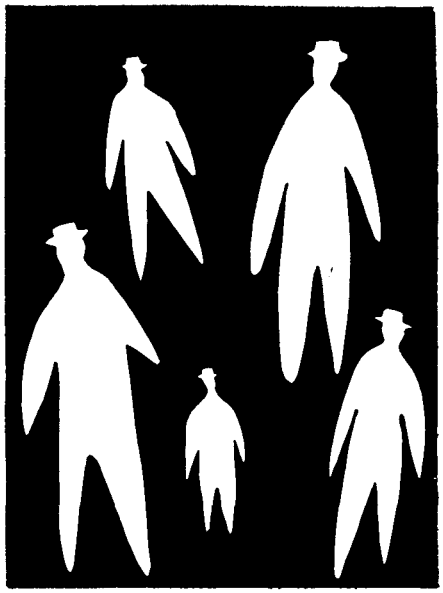
If you took the sixty-odd patients who inhabited ON-5 during any day that I was there, dressed them in their own clothes, and put them into a subway car or a bus, you could ride quite a way with them before you noticed anything strange about your fellow passengers. A few would be showing obvious signs of mental distress; some might be behaving a little strangely, but in the main, except for the old men, there would be little to set them apart from any chance group.

Even in ON-5 the old were a group apart. They numbered about a quarter of the inmates of the ward and lived in semi-seclusion at the northwest end of the U. The slow workings of disease and the terrible loneliness of the city had carried their minds past the point where they could care for themselves. They were without the money that might have bought them new interests and a new lease on life, or at the very least decent privacy in which to decay and die. Each of them lived in his individual apathy of memory or forgetfulness. Through the long day they sat alone on the hard benches or huddled in the rag piles of their cots. They did not read or play cards, and seldom talked even when, three times a day, they were coaxed or supported to a special table to eat. The old men simply waited numbly for the uncomprehended legal paper which would serve as a passport to another bed, another corridor, another set of benches.

The Talk

But while the old men appeared as an amorphous group of ghosts, the rest of the patients emerged quickly and often memorably as individuals. Talk was endless in ON-5, and after a few days most of the men had talked out their lives with the desultory inclusiveness of a Conrad character. Even the ones who didn't talk revealed themselves by their actions—by the way they sat and listened to the ever-grinding radio, shuffled up and down the corridors, or lay for hours on the benches.

McGuffy, who twisted his thin,



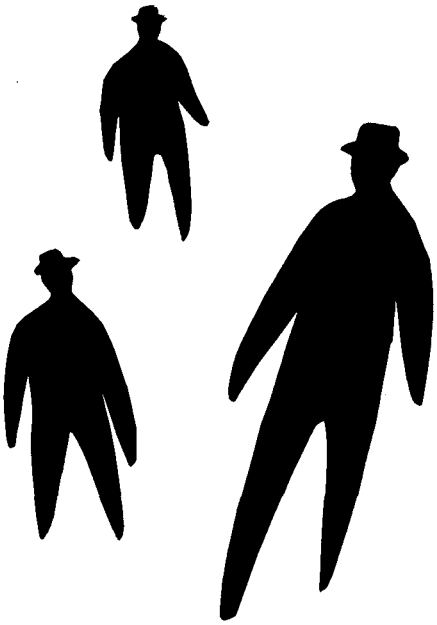
liverish, black-Irish face as he broke up a nostalgic discussion of drinking: "The drink! It's a fine comforting thing—but *I've* got to bathe in it, bathe in it."

Harris and Ellis, Negroes from the South by way of half of the rest of the country, Pullman porters, waiters, short-order cooks—and chronic alcoholics. They lay long after lights out on their close-ranked cots, sharing a cold pork chop and talking in soft voices of the fine jobs they would have in Atlantic City come summer. And each pretended to himself that he had not folded under his pillow the green flimsy that meant his commitment to a state hospital.

Tatlock, the English sailor, shaking and weeping with the memory of his recent shame—the drinks and the man who had persuaded him to a room in a flophouse and the fumbling "suicide" in the morning which had left him with nothing to show but two band-aids to mark the hesitation marks on his wrists. "The whole of this city is full of papers, papers in all the streets. And tomorrow they'll print about it in the London papers and my ma will know." He cried and began to mutter through his sobs straight out of the old secret fears that had spoiled so many of his twenty years. That night he shrieked and thrashed in his cot until they carried him upstairs. A week later he was back in ON-5, self-possessed, handsome, and talking to no one.

Sternus, who spent his time walking the corridor, plucking other patients by

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



the robes and asking, "Where is the door?" "There ain't no door, Jack." "But they said there was a door. Where is the door?" The impersonal cross-examination of the doctor racked his fantasy wide apart. "What is your name? What year is it? Where do you live? Where are you now?" He tried to explain how somehow he had been walking without any shoes and found himself in this hotel, and that he must get home to the family he could not name. Then it was no use, and he asked the doctor, "Please, mister, where is the door?"

"They're going to hang us all," the eighteen-year-old Army recruit said confidentially. "You're crazy too, aren't you? They're going to hang us." He would go away and think about it, then come back and ask abruptly, "What do they do on the seventh floor? Is that where they hang you?"

The newcomer looked around the dining hall and laughed with real amusement. "I'll be God-damned, me in *here*." Without pause he began to upset the tin cups of milk on the tables, talking continuously of the Koran and Confucius, and midnight telephone calls to Cardinal Spellman. Then he was walking faster, and then he was running and still laughing.

Curtis, the polite perennial student at N.Y.U., was philosophical. "Well, I don't really want to go to the hospital, but I suppose perhaps it is the best thing, and they say that it's really very nice. The only thing I regret is that I can't take my camera."

Robinson, the truck driver, was not resigned. "I never got in any fights," he said bitterly. "All on the block they know I never got in any fights. But then they got me here because of my money." Then, a day or two later, "You don't want to worry about going to the hospital. It ain't bad. I been in them all. You don't give them trouble and you won't have trouble."

McGee, the bald, lean-jawed salesman, was an indefatigable card player and teller of seedy jokes. He had come to the hospital himself "on an impulse," and now he was being kept against his will. Over the days he built up, item by item, a complicated conspiracy involving his jealous family and venal doctors at the hospital. He couldn't believe it when his green commitment paper came, and shook his head with angry incredulity. "This is *really* it. They've bugged me—me!"

Carson, the baby-faced Ivy Leaguer, told calmly a story of psychoanalysis, of stays in private institutions, and then "a really silly business"—a massive overdose of sleeping pills. He had been unconscious for forty-eight hours, and then had nearly died of pneumonia. This he took very calmly, but one thing bothered him, "You know," he confessed, "this is the first time in my life I've ever found myself biting my fingernails."

The Routine

After a patient had been in ON-5 for about a week (the average stay was ten days), his individuality usually seemed less marked, and he became more and more a member of a group that was living by and for a set but undemanding routine. In a very special way the routine filled our lives, and its simple sequence occupied our thoughts more than any personal or outside preoccupations. We knew that we would rise at six, eat meals at seven, twelve, and five, and that we would go to bed at nine. We knew that we would bathe, shave, and change our clothes three times a week.

We knew that at certain hours we would play games with the pretty student nurses, or be shepherded upstairs for occupational therapy or downstairs for a movie or other entertainment. We knew that once or twice in our stay we would be interviewed by one of the doctors. We knew that no one would force us to do any of these things, but to most of us there was a positive pleasure in following the whole predictable round.

As pleasure in the routine grew, we got less enjoyment out of anything that did not belong to it. Patients barely glanced at the newspapers; even their discussion of the ball games tailed off into indifference rapidly. There were plenty of books and magazines in the ward, but few of us would read for more than ten minutes at a time. Card games would die for lack of interest, and conversations would break up abruptly.

Even the anticipation and bustle of visiting hours three times a week sank abruptly back into the soothing flow of routine almost before the last visitor left the ward.

The Rebirth of Fear

Watching and talking to my fellow patients, I began to realize that most of them *wanted* to be in the world of ON-5. No matter how much they protested, they were actually looking forward to commitment to a state hospital. Locked doors and all the minor restrictions—the solitary spoons for eating, the confiscation of matches and belts—mattered very little. What mattered was the routine, the soothing routine, the routine that made it unnecessary to make a single decision about one's life.

My fear of mental hospitals revived, but on an entirely new basis; not the fear of maniacs and cruel guards, but of something more deeply horrifying, a nightmare Utopia in which men willingly forgo the power of choice in return for minimum satisfaction of their bodies' needs. ON-5 lay on the border of a true "welfare state"—the constantly growing hospital state where men and women can retreat to a synthetic babyhood, a state whose current population is up toward the million mark and increasing year by year.

I was thinking glumly along these lines when I left ON-5. A few of my friends said good-by, but for most of them, obviously, my street clothes already marked me as alien. Outside the hospital's ambulance entrance, a woman inmate with stringy hair was shrieking at an attendant, "Just wait till the New York *Post* hears about this place!" Somehow her defiance made me feel better, but I'm still wondering what the *Post* is going to do about it. #

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Morals from Mars

A prolific California science-fiction writer successfully blends H. G. Wells with H. D. Thoreau

RICHARD DONOVAN

EVER SINCE the announcement that Russia has the atomic bomb, reader interest in space-travel fiction, which deals with various means of getting away from the earth in the shortest possible time, has risen astonishingly.

In the course of this trend, the attention of many people who had never given much thought to the intergalactic scene before has focused on a large, amiable, Thoreauvian Los Angeles science-fiction writer named Ray Bradbury, whose brilliant and shameless imaginative leaps into space have long since made him one of the most widely read authors in his field, and whose insight, passion, and technical skill have caused Christopher Isherwood and Aldous Huxley, among others, to pronounce him one of the most gifted men now writing in any field.

Although Bradbury is identified with a branch of fiction that seems hopelessly preoccupied with ray guns, bug-eyed monsters, rocket dogfights, and the perils of Earth-virgins, he writes about none of these things. He is not interested in transferring the formulas of the Western story, or horse opera, to space, thus creating space operas. His approach to the machine is symbolic, his approach to other-worldly ways of life anthropological; his subject is always man.

Emerald Mists, Velvet Inks

There is a brooding quality in Bradbury's work that has often mystified but rarely alienated his readers—a foreboding of interplanetary imperialist wars (usually precipitated by Earth); a fear that man's mechanical aptitudes, his incredible ability to pry into the secrets of the physical universe, may be his fatal flaw. Because he writes principally about what is going on in other worlds in A.D. 2000, he has been able to get around most of the taboos that have been employed to bore millions in conventional Western, crime, love, or Earth-adventure stories.

Bradbury's feeling for the terrible emptiness and the terrible beauty of space also sets him apart from other science-fiction writers. "There were only the great diamonds and sapphires and emerald mists and velvet inks of space," he says in one story, ". . . only the black velocities and shining movements of unimaginable cold, and darkness and distance. . . . There was a wonder in the thought of going off into this . . . off in a meteor swarm, out past Mars and in toward Earth once every five years, passing in and out of the planet's ken for the next million centuries, yourself and the Myrmidone cluster eternal and unending, shifting and shaping like the kaleidoscope colors when you were a child and held the long tube to the sun and gave it a twirl."

The most arresting thing about Bradbury personally is the fact that he, a writer to whom wonderful machines are the staff of literature, is violently opposed to machinery in almost any form. Monstrous apparatuses scuttle through many of his stories; yet in Los Angeles, a city that lives by the automobile, he will not own a car and can rarely be persuaded to ride in one. Bradbury writes of giant rocket ships and the gulfs of space with the easy familiarity of an interstellar commuter; yet he has never been in a plane.

Electronically controlled houses that cook for, clean after, read to, bathe, comfort, and serenade their occupants have been created right and left by Bradbury; still, in his own small, mass-produced home in a West Los Angeles housing development, he will not allow a television set, did not allow a radio until about a year ago or a telephone until last autumn.

Bardic Bums, Bloodthirsty Tots

The probable reason this regressive attitude has not cost Bradbury his following is that, while warning readers of the dangers of technocratic life, he also turns loose on them what Isherwood calls "the sheer lift and power of a truly original imagination." Readers seem to realize instinctively that Bradbury has seen some pretty sobering sights out there in time and space.

The case of the firemen in the year 2000 is an example. When this Bradbury story begins, the complete mechanization of Earth has made strict social and political conformity necessary. The firemen of the period do not put out fires, since all buildings have long ago been treated with fireproof plastic. The firemen spend their time burning books that tell of old liberties and thus induce nonconformity. The protagonist is a fireman who, when he is sent to burn out a book-hoarding old woman, listens to her read. When his transgression is discovered by the authorities, he is banished to the monorail tracks, where he joins the hoboes—all ex-scholars, each of whom has memorized a chapter of some great book. Chapter 10 of *War and Peace* is in Wisconsin at the moment, it is explained; Chapter 11 is in Oklahoma. Once a year the chapters get together, and there is the book.

Another sobering Bradbury vision, this one strongly reminiscent of Poe, concerns the mind- and soul-destroying

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

powers of a marvelous electronic house that does all the work, and even the thinking and imagining, for the people who live in it. The time is 1980; the scene, the said house (in California). The house contains, among other features, a nursery that reproduces whatever scene one may think about on its walls, and does so in three-dimensional color while other gadgets produce pertinent sounds and odors.

When we see the nursery, the Hadleys' two children, turned into defiant, malignant creatures by this house that will not let them grow naturally, have become victims of a fixed idea. The scene on the walls of the nursery, which is the mirror of the children's minds, will not change from an African veldt on which lions can be seen devouring something that emits strangely familiar human screams.

Worried by their children's veldt fixation, the parents threaten to turn the nursery off, and this threat awakens fear and fury in the children, who have come to depend on the nursery far more than on their parents. The next time the Hadleys enter the nursery, the lions jump for them, and they flee with the terrible thought that the children may have found some way to make the lions real. They resolve to turn the whole house off—the voice clocks, shoe lacers, body scrubbers, automatic picture painters, the mechanical mice that clean up dirt, and even the vacuum-action flues that suck people upstairs to save steps.

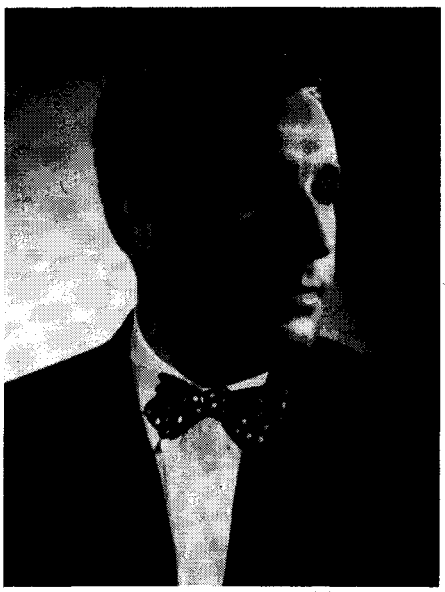
Before they can act, however, the children lure them into the nursery and lock them in with the lions. The roaring that ensues, and the satisfied smiles of the children, leave the reader in no doubt as to the parents' fate.

Mars and the Midwest

When Bradbury shifts his frame of reference to space, as he did in *The Martian Chronicles,* a book of related short stories published by Doubleday in 1950, we can see how useful other worlds and future times can be in studying the present Earth. The *Chronicles* tell of man's attempt to colonize Mars in the years 1999-2026. The two-man crew of the first rocket ship from Earth is shot to death by a Martian who has learned of their coming from his wife's telepathic dreams. The Martian's gun fires bees. Months later, the crew of a second Earth rocket is murdered by a Martian psychologist who thinks the men are phantasms created by his own mind. The Martians, who have already reached the mental and mechanical goals men seem to have set themselves, hypnotize the crew of the third expedition, so that instead of seeing the clean white buildings of a Martian town, they think they see a Midwestern Earth town of the kind most of them knew when they were boys—a town peopled by their lost or dead friends and relatives. This illusion, which the Martians have called up by reading the men's minds and showing them what they would most like to see, takes the crewmen completely by surprise, and the Martians do away with them at their leisure.

The fourth Earth expedition has no such trouble because most of the Martian population has died in an epidemic of chicken pox caught from the previous Earth visitors.

In 2001, with the Earthmen finally established on Mars, the pattern of the American plains immigration is repeated. The gun-toting pioneers arrive



Morris Dollens

Ray Bradbury

first and build boom towns; then the organizers and their wives and institutions arrive, then the cultivated people, and finally the senior citizens, looking for a change of scene in which to die. All these people, all Americans, fail to make a success of the immigration because they bring too much of Earth with them—the names of places and things; the hot dog and the permanent wave; the success worship and the thousand forms of prejudice.

In one of the stories in his latest book, *The Illustrated Man,* Bradbury considers the confusion of an Earth priest on Mars, where the concept of original sin, or any kind of sin, has never existed. In another story, he shows the awful spiritual desolation that seizes a prejudice-ridden Southern Earth town after all its Negroes have left for Mars in rockets they have secretly built. (Bradbury, characteristically, does not bother to say how they have been built.) In another, he shows how the only Martian invasion of Earth ever attempted is overcome. The invaders are half-deafened by the music of a welcoming brass band, made sick on hamburgers and malted milks, chased by viragos, and finally run down by automobiles.

Chromium-Age Thoreau

It is impossible in this space to trace the main current of thought, the moral that runs through most of Bradbury's work. By his own definition he is simply trying to maintain a foothold for the old-style natural man. When it is realized that Bradbury is that man, of course, the whole thing becomes clearer.

In his struggle against the machines, Bradbury has lost a little weight. He is still a tall, powerfully muscled, formidable-looking man of thirty, however, with keen eyes and a spiky crew haircut. His greatest pleasure, after walking, is the breathing of fresh air; he may stop anywhere to breathe it, inhaling and exhaling deliberately, gently thumping his huge chest. The Transcendental feeling is strong in him. On fine evenings, he often stands in the grass of his tiny back yard, contacting the Earth Force through his bare feet, asking himself aloud a question once put by E. B. White: "Am I not leaves and vegetable mold myself? —a man of infinite horsepower, yet partly leaves?"

When the earth answers back "Yes" to this question, Bradbury takes heart in the knowledge that the Mixmasters, the revolving doors, the two-minute commercials, and the wheels of industry and the wheels of reaction now grinding so fine have not overwhelmed him yet. When the answer is "No," however, he is likely to see himself and

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the rest of the human race as short-winded, spindle-legged, bug-eyed, hairless, heavy-headed robots.

When the mood is on him, he can see victory for the machine on every hand. Beverly Hills has a city ordinance against walking the streets after 10 P.M. In Los Angeles, the May Company has moved its book section from the first floor to the second, next to the ladies' room; Bullock's has moved its books from the first floor to the fourth; Robinson's from the first floor to the seventh. Neighbor women have refused to walk four blocks to the store when the family car broke down. The fifth great U.S. entertainment medium, investigation, seems to be attracting more attention than baseball. Nobody eats wild berries in the woods any more —in fact, there aren't any woods left around Los Angeles—and nobody celebrates the first day of spring in the ancient exhilarating way. Bradbury sees through Los Angeles' masque.

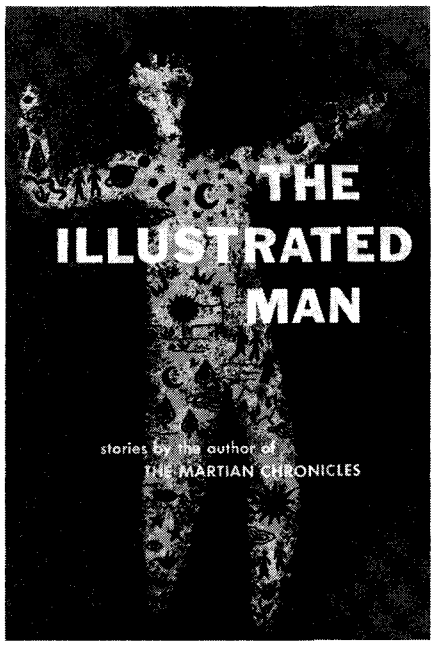
Waukegan to L.A.

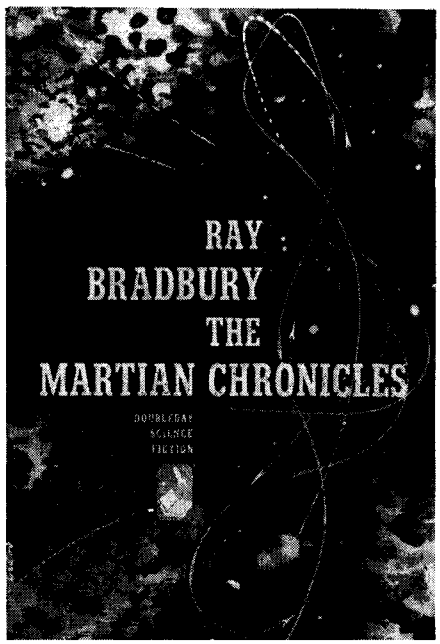
Bradbury also saw through Waukegan, Illinois, his childhood home. Waukegan has appeared, in one form or another, in the majority of Bradbury stories. He remembers it as a small, tree-shaded place, with iron deer on long, cool lawns, and porticoed houses with colored-glass windows and cavernous porches. As a small boy, Bradbury translated everything, even his father's job with a power company, into terms of fantasy, and he was depressed only by the autumn—"the leaves were going, school was coming, I was getting older."

His great moment came when Mr. Electrico, a traveling magician who could make lightning spring from his nose, informed him that he, Master Bradbury, possessed the power of the cold reading, a carnival term meaning the power to read character, or tell a sucker, at fifty paces. Bradbury has since included Mr. Electrico, also in various forms, in some sixty of his works.

It's Quick, Easy, Fun To Learn A LANGUAGE by LINGUAPHONE

AT HOME in leisure time, quickly, easily, correctly, master Spanish, French, German, Russian—any of 29 languages, including the Asiatic, through proved Linguaphone World's-Standard Conversational Method. Go places—add to business, armed services, school, cultural, travel opportunities. Send for fascinating FREE book TODAY.
Approved for VETERANS' Training.
LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
157-06 Rockefeller Plaza New York 20, N. Y.





When he was fourteen and his family brought him to Los Angeles, Bradbury was a fat boy who wore spectacles and could not play football satisfactorily. Humiliated, he turned to writing—a field in which he was already experienced, having written his own sequel to an Edgar Rice Burroughs jungle tale when he was twelve and could not afford to buy the original. (Burroughs had left a young lady trapped in a horrible dungeon. Bradbury got her out O.K.) Once started in this line of work, Bradbury kept at it despite the now-forgotten protests of almost every editor in the United States. Since then, he has written about 250 short stories, some sixty-five of which have been published, some thirty of which Bradbury, a meticulous worker, is still tinkering with, and some 160 of which he despaired of at about the time he was married (he is now the father of two children) and fed to the flames.

At the moment, Bradbury, winner of six short-story awards, perpetually embattled, is deep in a new story about the first Earth-rocket expedition to Mars.

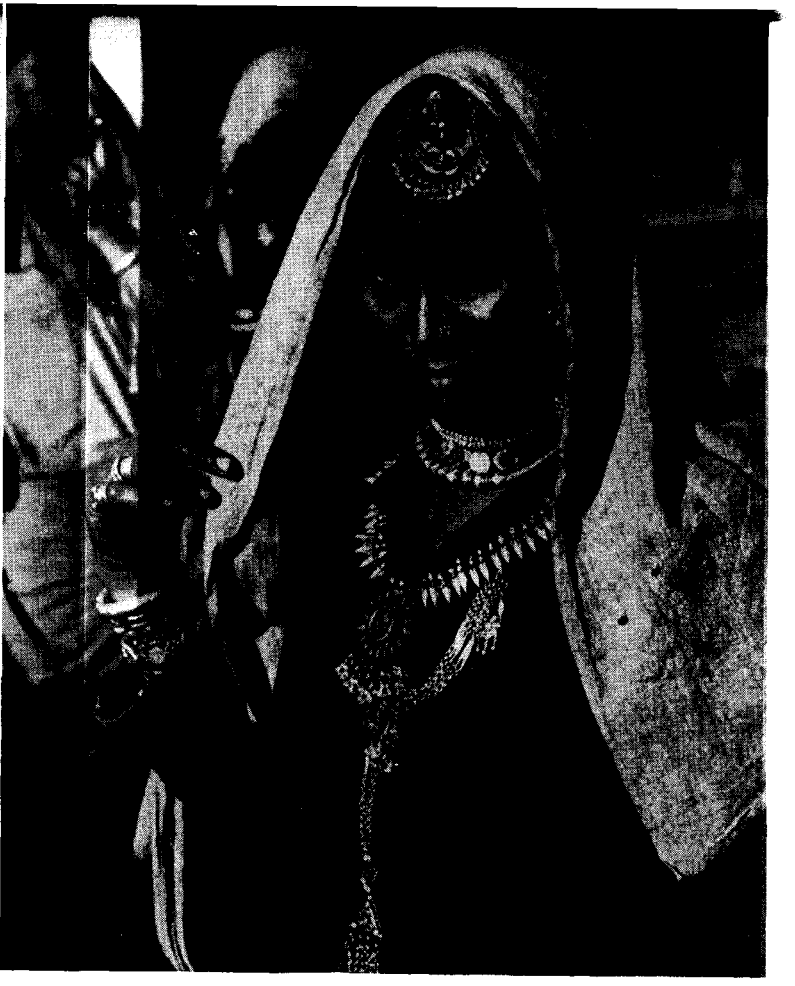
The expedition gets under way one June morning in the year 2000, when a tremendous rocket ship, manned by Americans hand-picked for mental and physical stamina, rises from a field near Detroit and, blooming out great flowers of heat and color, runs roaring into space. Somewhere out there, contact with the Earth is lost, and it is realized that the ship is drifting and falling without direction, like a dead space whale. The newspaper opinion is that the ship has collided with some flaming mass, has been picked to pieces by meteors, or has been frozen and then shattered into a million shining fragments by the violent gravitational crosscurrents of the universe.

Bradbury disagrees with all these views. He believes the crew, products of the cynical American agnosticism of their time, cannot face the fact of nothingness they see in space without the knowledge of God, and so begin to fail in spirit while the ship, the product of their minds, remains strong. It is in the study of the crew's spiritual failure, which quickly leads to insanity in all hands and the ruin of the expedition, that Bradbury's thus far unanswerable questions arise.

Vertical Navigation

What *did* happen to drive those hand-picked men insane? Was it that when the strings that bound them to the reality (or was it the unreality) of Earth were cut, they had nothing else to tie to? Did their concepts of time, or power, or true love, or a life hereafter, or pride in achievement come suddenly apart? Were they, with their habit of thinking horizontally toward other continents, perhaps disastrously unfitted for this ultimate voyage? Might not an ancient Greek, whose habit was to think vertically, toward the starry household of his gods, have been better prepared for the journey? #

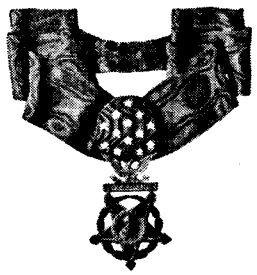
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The face of India

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Medal of Honor



Master Sergeant Travis Watkins, of Gladewater, Texas—Medal of Honor. On September 3, 1950, near Yongsan, Korea, Sergeant Watkins was wounded and paralyzed from the waist down. Ordering his squad to pull out and leave him, he stayed behind and died covering their withdrawal.

Sergeant Watkins gave his life for freedom. What can you do?

This. You can begin today to do your share in defense of the country he defended far "above and beyond the call of duty" by buying more . . . and more . . . and more United States Defense* Bonds.

For your Defense Bonds strengthen America. And if you will make our country strong enough now, American boys may never have to give their lives again. Defense is *your* job, too.

Remember that when you're buying bonds for national defense, you're also building a personal reserve of cash savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. So go to your company's pay office—now—and sign up to buy Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan. Don't forget that now *every United States Series E Bond you own* automatically goes on earning interest for 20 years from date of purchase instead of 10 years as before. This means, for example, that a Bond you bought for $18.75 can return you not just $25 but as much as $33.33! For your country's security, and your own, buy U. S. Defense Bonds now!

*U.S. Savings Bonds are Defense Bonds - Buy them regularly!

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED